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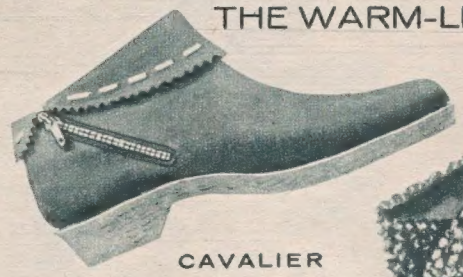

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Contents

ARTICLES

WHO'S BEHIND YOUR FRONT DOOR?
by Allen Andrews 11
CHAMPAGNE, CAVIAR AND BLOODY NOSES 12
CAN ISRAEL RIDE THE COMING STORM?
by Francis Williams 19
GILBERT HARDING 24
THE VICAR MAKES A PARABLE COME TRUE
by Robert Holles 27
MODERN MASTERPIECES: GAUGUIN'S "THE SPIRIT OF THE DEAD WATCHING"
by Sir John Rothenstein 28

STORIES

A MAN TO RESPECT
by Hugh B. Cave 14
I'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM
by Williams Forrest 22

SERIALS

THE LAND GOD GAVE TO CAIN (Part 1)
by Hammond Innes 8
THE GREATEST RAID OF ALL (Part 4)
by C. E. Lucas Phillips 33

MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME

by Roger Smithells
WORTH NOTING 6
SCREW IT AND GLUE IT 17
LINING CURTAINS 30
SHAPERS AND SMOOTHERS 32
EIGHT-HOUR JOB 35

FEATURES

BARREL-ORGAN MAN: 10. NUPTIAL GLITTER: 16. IN SHORT: 21. SELF-CONTROL: 21, 25, 37, 40. LOOK AHEAD WITH PERCY THROWER: 26. LAKELAND FROM THE AIR: 36. JOKES: 37, 38, 40. MAKE YOUR MONEY WORK: 39. WE ADVISE: 42.

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The Cover

THIS just had to be faced from the moment the stranger on the bus said: "What a sweet little girl you have there. . . ." Seven snips gone already and at least seventy more to come. It's enough to make any mother's hair curl. Little Lord Fauntleroy (retired) doesn't mind, of course—it will give him a break from all those cooing aunts. "He doesn't realize yet," says cover artist Tanat Jones, "that this sort of thing will eventually cost him at least half a crown a fortnight for life . . ."

Free Speech

JOHN BULL and ILLUSTRATED pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech." Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to our Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post, and in our feature, "We Advise."

Surly Southerners

SOUTHERNERS are a surly crowd. I first learned this a year ago, shortly after moving to London from Yorkshire. On Mischief Night—November 4—I followed a northern tradition by letting my three children off the leash.

They tapped on windows, threw fireworks, tied door handles together, fastened tin cans to car bumpers.

Did their elders enter joyously into the spirit of the escapades? I regret to state that they did not. My children were pursued, even threatened with violence.

In the end, a policeman brought them home. And he gave me a very humiliating lecture. I was astounded.

Northerners believe that this brief, annual spell of freedom is good for children, getting rid of their repressed energy. Southerners are less imaginative, less tolerant.

So this year, sadly, I must remind my children that we have moved to a very dull part of the country—W. G., Barons Court, W.12.

Up In Smoke

My young son has just burned six bank notes—half my weekly wage. Does the Bank of England benefit by my loss?—G. FRENCH, Cleckheaton, Yorkshire.

"We can replace notes which are accidentally destroyed," says the Bank of England. "Each case is dealt with on its merits."

Forgotten Men?

Writing of the raid on St. Nazaire (JOHN BULL, October 11) Earl Mountbatten states that five V.C.s were won during the operation. He claims that this is the highest "by far" ever to be awarded in a single action.

I always understood that at least fourteen V.C.s were won by the 24th Regiment (now the Welsh Borderers) at the Battle of Rorke's Drift in 1879.

A mere 80 men were involved there, compared with the 611 at St. Nazaire.

Perhaps the action has been overlooked because it took place so long ago.—CHARLES WILLIAMS, Byng Road, Liverpool, 4.

Eight V.C.s were won at the Battle of Rorke's Drift, in the Zulu War.

Four thousand Zulus attacked a British force of about eighty men. Six times the Zulus broke into the British entrenchments, to be driven back in hand-to-hand fighting.

After an all-night battle, the Zulus withdrew, leaving 350 dead. British losses were seventeen dead, ten wounded.

Faster Pulses

Watching the duty nurse taking "temperatures and pulses" in hospital, I wondered why no one had invented a "pulsometer."

I am thinking of a pulse-registering instrument which could be slipped on the wrist at the same time as the thermometer is placed in the mouth. That would save a great deal of time.—MRS. E. GIBB, Rowledge, Farnham, Surrey.

"No such instrument is generally available," says a maker of surgical instruments.

"One could easily be devised, but it would not save much time since pulses and temperatures are usually taken simultaneously."

All In Bread

While on holiday in Yugoslavia I visited an exhibition of flowers and animals modelled in bread. They were created by the artist Bora Kamenovic during two and a half years in hospital.

His method was to soak the bread in hot water, then knead it for several days until a putty-like substance was formed. Various colours were then worked in, the heavy markings being painted on when the model was shaped.—MRS. EDITH GIBBONS, Bushey Road, Uxbridge, Middlesex.

Ticket Flop

The idea of selling books of bus tickets, in the same way as postage stamps, is far from new ("Free Speech," October 18).

Preston Corporation Transport Department introduced the scheme many years ago.

Fourteen tickets were available for the price of twelve and they were known as "discounts." Yet I believe that very few people bought them.—W. A. CAPSTICK, Preston, Lancs.

"We operated the system from 1912 until last April," says Preston Transport Department.

"In the final twelve months, we sold a total of 44,000,000 tickets. But of those, only 1,800,000 were in book form."

No Battery

Some time ago I acquired a hearing aid through the Ministry of Health. Now I must undergo a difficult and unpleasant experience each time I apply for a new battery.

When I call for one, I am made to feel that I am "scrounging." Several times I have been turned away without a replacement, having been told that I must make the batteries last longer.—F. W., Darlington.

"It often happens that people forget to switch off the aid," says the Ministry of Health. "Great wastage results.

"But only in the most extreme and persistent case of carelessness would an official be justified in refusing a new battery."

Stranded

I know a woman who, travelling with her children, lost the return halves of their rail tickets. She had not enough money with her to replace them.

The stationmaster refused to allow her to travel home to Manchester, even though she wanted to phone her husband to meet her with the fare money.

She saw the police and the National Assistance Board. The only help she received was a suggestion that she pawn her wedding ring. This she was obliged to do.

It was my apparently misguided impression that, in such circumstances, it was enough to give the stationmaster proof of identity and forward the amount at the earliest convenience. This was the case when railways were privately owned. Surely, in the days of nationalization, they should be equally humane.

Parcels are treated more generously. On one occasion I was not charged for sending a parcel by rail until after delivery.—DEREK TYNAN, South Ruislip, Middlesex.

"When persons without funds want to travel they are referred to the police," says British Railways.

Slot-savers

There is a close alliance between generosity and self-advertisement. This was shown recently when a friend of mine who is a parson replaced his collection plates with slotted boxes.

He soon found that the man who

had carelessly tossed a ten shilling note on to the plate, became quite content to slip a shilling in the slot.

He also noted that his collection included foreign coins.

Sadly, he has reverted to the plate. He now accepts the fact that its use is not merely traditional—it is also based on a sound knowledge of human psychology.—E. H., Nechells, Birmingham.

Moon Spin

I keep reading that no one knows what the far side of the moon is like. Why does not the moon spin as it goes round the earth?—F. KELLY, Myrtle Crescent, Kirkcaldy, Fife.

"The moon spins once on its axis as it makes a monthly circuit of the earth, which is also spinning," says an astronomer of the London Planetarium. "The result is that roughly the same lunar surface is always

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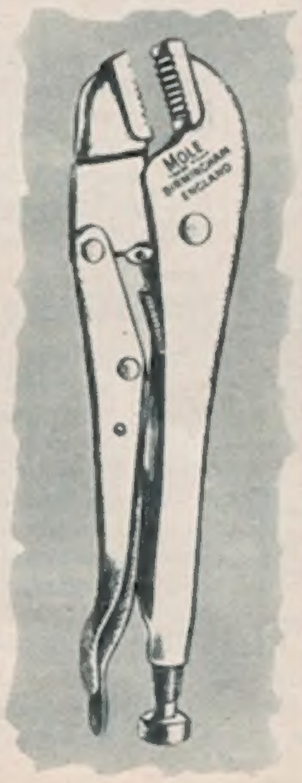

In days of old when knights were bowled—over, how useful the Mole Wrench would have been. Known today to thousands over the world as their 'third hand,' the Mole Wrench locks on to the job-in-hand and remains locked, tightly with both hands free —a 'third hand' that also serves as super-pliers, clamp, hand vice and so on. Fitted with the quick release lever it is available in two sizes, 7 in. for **12/6** and 10 in. for **15/-**, from Ironmongers, Motor and Motor Cycle Accessory Dealers.

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Free Speech

continued from page 3

facing us. "But because each rotation does not occupy exactly one month, we see over a period about seventy per cent of the moon."

Wife-wage

Up go the unemployment figures and criticism of married women who go out to work increases in proportion. So I think it would be a good idea if the State paid these women an allowance to stay at home.

Many such women would be glad to stay at home if they had a small regular sum to call their own. Money would be saved from the amount now being paid in unemployment benefit.

And if family allowances operated for the *first* child, many mothers would not need to take jobs, with resultant benefit to the children.—MRS. MYRTLE MURISON, Hutcheon Street, Aberdeen.

Harrowing

A friend took me to see Harrow School. I was impressed by the dignified buildings, but not by the pupils. Their appearance was disgraceful.

Most of them needed a haircut. Their clothes were invariably crumpled and looked as if they had not been brushed for weeks. And their shoes suggested that they had been worn on a twenty-five-mile route march.

Some of these boys will probably find their way into the Brigade of Guards. I believe that the sooner they recieve the attention of a sergeant-major the better.—FRANK C. JONES, Mainsforth Terrace, Hendon, Sunderland.

Cell Shaves

In these days of electric shavers, was there any need for the innocent Leslie Arthur White (JOHN BULL, October 18) to appear in court with a day's growth?

Surely men, innocent and guilty alike, are entitled to the benefits a clean appearance may earn them?

It is enough for an innocent man to be accused of being a criminal. There is no need to make him look like one.—RONALD A. FRY, Thurlow Park Road, West Dulwich, S.E.21.

Prisoners making a first appearance before magistrates are not normally allowed to keep razors. But they may shave provided a jailer is standing by. There are no facilities for electric razors.

Hard Pews

It is a pity that even the most modern churches stick to wooden, bench-type pews. They are so uncomfortable that people become restless long before the end of the sermon.

I would like to see padded cinema-type seats in church. Or is it considered wrong for worshippers to be too comfortable?—F. B., Belfast.

"Scrumpers" Vanish

My father pointed to a well-laden apple tree at the bottom of the garden and said that it emphasized

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Worth Noting

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● When painting hot water pipes, apply a coat of aluminium paint first. This prevents later coats of paint flaking off as a result of the heat.

● Worn out seatings in taps wear out washers quickly. You can cure them by fitting an Evans Full-Stop combined tap washer and seating. The seating is made of polythene and is therefore not corrosive—the washer plate is made of nylon. Even old, persistently dripping taps can be cured permanently with the Full-Stop. A set of two ½-in. Full-Stop washers and seatings for sink and wash basin taps costs 2s. 9d., postage paid, ¾-in. for baths, 3s. 3d., from the makers, F. H. Evans & Co., 138 Plashet Road, London, E.13.

● Make yourself a useful polishing cloth by soaking a soft cloth in paraffin. When it is thoroughly wet, wring it out and allow it to dry. Use a non-fluffy cloth, and re-treat it often.

● Workshop files often get clogged up and lose their bite. To remedy this, wash the files in warm water which contains a little soda and brush them vigorously with a stiff wire brush.

● A knife sharpener with a new technique is the Rotesharp. This simple little gadget looks like a diabolo, and is ideal for hollow-ground and ordinary knives. It works on a rotary principle: the knife is held on either side of a central hone, and rolled back and forth until each side has been sharpened. The Rotesharp is made by Phillips Telescopic Taps, Ltd., Colliery Road, Birmingham Road, West Birmingham, Staffs, and costs 8s. 11d.

● A neat little gadget called the Savu Never Choke is a good 9d. worth from Woolworths for the housewife. It fits into the sink waste, collects vegetable peelings and other bits: you empty it into the bin when it's full.

● Home decorating is made easier with good equipment. The Jiffy Pail attachment is a good 7s. 6d. worth to clip to any ladder and hold your pot of paint. Or, if you can rise to a new stepladder, the Standfast Platform Steps are tailor-made for the purpose. The sturdy safety platform at the top has no open slats to catch high heels, and there is a higher shelf to hold necessary brushes, pots, hammers or nails. In three sizes, 57s. 6d., 65s. 2d. and 72s. 4d., it is available from your local hardware stockist or from the manufacturers, S. Sims & Sons, Ltd., Britannia Works, New Whittington, Chesterfield.

● Discoloured piano keys can usually be cleaned with a paste made from methylated spirit and whiting. Be careful not to get any of the paste stuck between the keys, as it is difficult to clear it out again.

CAN I HELP?

I like to hear about other people's homes. If you have ideas to share with other readers please send them to me, with photographs or rough drawings where possible. If you have a home-making problem I shall be glad to help you if you will write to me, Roger Smithells, c/o JOHN BULL, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope for a reply.

Free Speech

continued from page 4

a lack of spirit in modern children.

When he was a boy, he said, such a tree would have been efficiently "scrumped." But not today. During the past five years, local "scrumping" has died out.

Is this really a general trend? And are modern schoolboys short of the traditional spirit of mischief?—R. CHEVIS, Durley Avenue, Cowplain, Hants.

"Modern children usually get all the fruit they need by legitimate methods," says a child welfare official. "That's the only reason why 'scrumping' is less popular. The adventurous spirit is still there."

Long Glare

So the British Transport Commission loftily dismisses the statement that there are no effective demisting devices on locomotive windows ("Free Speech," October 11). But as an engine-driver I know that it is often necessary to lean out of the cab to pick out signals.

The main reason for this is firebox glare reflected on to the glass by the tender. Partly obstructed windows and dirt are other reasons.

At night, all the driver can see through the windows is a reflection of himself.

The Commission official who says that it is possible to reverse the windows to clean them, should try doing just that while travelling at high speed. The rush of wind through the narrow aperture could blow his head off.—A. J., Norwich.

"Yes, there is glare trouble on some older locomotives," says the British Transport Commission, "but the newer ones have been designed to avoid it.

"This driver is apparently referring only to front windows. Locomotives also have side glass, which is usually shielded and easily cleaned.

"It should be remembered that no more steam locomotives are being built and the electric ones, which are replacing them, have power-operated screen wipers. Therefore, in the future, there will be no such problems."

Tax Trouble

I am tired of arguing with the Inland Revenue about my tax allowances. Why must the authorities expect *me* to prove my right to the various rebates? Surely the onus should be on them to justify taking my money?

The legal maxim that a person is innocent until proved guilty does not apparently apply to the Board of Inland Revenue. To these gentlemen, we are all guilty unless we can prove ourselves innocent. — V. A. E., Monkseaton, Northumberland.

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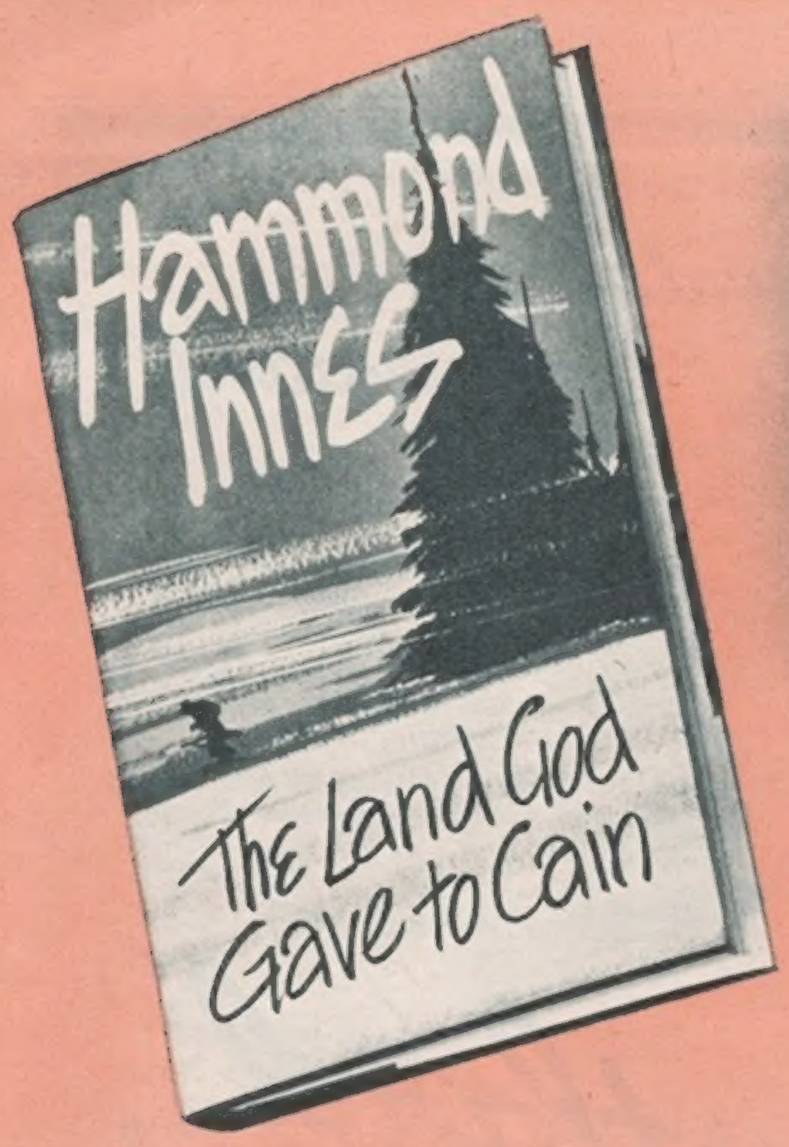

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THE LAND GOD GAVE TO CAIN

by

Hammond Innes

A CRY FROM

Nobody had heard it only I knew that

I WAS working on the new airport near Bristol when the telegram reached me. *Please come at once. Dad taken very bad. Love. Mother.* I caught the first available train and three hours later I was in London.

All the way up I had been thinking of my father and wishing I could remember him as he had been when I was a kid. I had only been six when he joined the R.A.F. and got the shell in the back of the neck which paralysed his legs and robbed him of the power of speech.

When I was at home I'd go and sit with him sometimes in that upstairs room where he had the radio. But he lived in a world of his own, and I always had the impression that I was intruding. The neighbours thought him a bit barmy, sitting up there day after day in his wheelchair contacting other "ham" radio operators.

It was mostly Canada he contacted and once, when I was curious to know why, he got excited; his shattered larynx had produced queer incoherent noises. But the note he passed me simply said, *Too complicated. It's a long story.* His eyes had gone to the shelf where he kept his Labrador books and after that I had always been conscious when I was up there of the books and the big map of Labrador that hung on the wall above the transmitter. It wasn't a printed map. He'd drawn it himself during the long months in hospital.

I was thinking of this as I hurried down the familiar street. Then as I approached our house, I saw that the upstairs blinds were drawn.

"I'm glad you've come, Ian," my mother said. She wasn't crying. She just looked tired. "You saw the blinds, didn't you?" She took me straight up to the darkened room and left me there. "Come down when you're ready. I'll make you a pot of tea and get you something to eat."

HE was lying fully clothed on the bed and his face, so deep-etched by years of pain, seemed to have been miraculously smoothed out. I knelt and tried to pray. Then I went down to join my mother in the parlour.

"It's almost a relief, Mother, isn't it?"

"Yes, dear. I've been expecting it ever since his last stroke. If he had been content to just lie in bed . . . but he would get up every day and wheel himself along to that room. And he'd be there till all hours. The last week or so, he couldn't seem to leave the wireless alone."

When she had poured my tea, she told me how it had happened. "It was very strange. I was sitting down here, sewing, when I suddenly heard your dad call out to me. I couldn't say what it was for he was up in that room and he had the door shut as usual. When I got up there he had forced himself up out of his chair and his face was all red and mottled."

"You mean he was standing up on his own?" It was incredible. My father hadn't stood in years.

"Yes. He was leaning on the table and reaching out with his right hand. To the wall, I think. For support," she added quickly. "He turned his head and saw me and tried to say something. Then he gave a sort of strangled cry and fell down."

She began to cry quietly. I went over to her and did my best to comfort her. "What made him suddenly make such a desperate effort?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't know. Your dad was like that. He never could give up. The doctor thinks——"

"Had he got his earphones on when you went in?"

"Yes. But. . . . Where are you going, Ian?"

I didn't answer, for I was already through the door and running up the stairs. I was thinking of the map of Labrador. She had found my father standing at the table reaching out to the wall—where the map hung.

I turned left at the top of the stairs and there was the door with STATION G2STO stencilled on it. I pushed it open. His desk was unnaturally tidy, the usual litter of notebooks, magazines and newspapers stacked neatly on top of the transmitter. I searched quickly through them, but there was no message, nothing.

SO certain had I been that I should find some indication of what had happened that I stood at a loss for a moment, looking round the small den that had been his world for so long. It was all very familiar—the school pictures, the caps, the wartime photographs, and over by the door the same faded picture of my grandmother, Alexandra Ferguson, her strong face unsmiling and yellowed above the tight-buttoned bodice.

I had often seen him glance at the picture; or was it at the things that hung below it—the rusted pistol, the sextant, the broken paddle and the torn canvas case with the moth-eaten fur cap hanging over it? Somehow I'd always known those relics belonged to the north of Canada, though I couldn't remember anybody ever telling me so.

I turned back to the radio receiver and the morse key with the pencil lying beside it. I think it was the pencil that made me realize something was missing. There should have been a log book. He always kept a book in which he jotted things down—station frequencies and their times of broadcasting, scraps of weather forecasts or ships' talk or anything from Canada, all mixed up with little drawings and anything else that came to his mind.

I found several of these books in the drawer of the table, but they didn't include the current one. The latest entry in them was for September 15, a page of doodling in which it was almost impossible to decipher anything coherent at all. Drawings of lions seemed to predominate.

Turning back through the pages of these old log books, I found they were all like that—a queer mixture of thoughts and fancies. But here and there I picked out dates and times, and gradually a pattern emerged. Every day there was an entry for 22.00 hours followed by the call sign VO6AZ, and on one page he had written *VO6AZ came through as usual.* Later I found the name Ledder occurring—*Ledder reports,* in place of the call sign. The word *expedition* occurred several times.

I turned to the bookcase behind me and

I heard my mother gasp and realized suddenly that this was how my father had died . . . reaching towards the map

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

THE WILDERNESS

but my father . . . and it had killed him. Now somewhere out there a man might be alive.

A cry from the wilderness

continued from page 8

took down the *Radio Amateur Call Book*. This, I knew, listed all the world's ham operators. The book fell open at Labrador, and against the call sign VO6AZ appeared the names Simon and Ethel Ledder, c/o D.O.T. Communications, Goose Bay.

The knowledge that he had been in regular contact with Labrador drew me again to the map hanging above the transmitter. Leaning forward across the desk, I saw that he had drawn a line from the Indian settlement of Seven Islands on the St. Lawrence north into the middle of Labrador. To the right of it an area had been ringed, and here he had written *Lake of the Lion?*

I had just noticed *Attikonak L.* inked in against the outline of a large lake, when the door opened and there was a little gasp. I turned to find my mother standing there. She said: "You did give me a turn—I thought. . . ."

She checked herself and I realized suddenly that this was how my father had stood, reaching over towards the map of Labrador. "It was the map, wasn't it?" I said. I was excited by the sudden certainty that it was the map that had drawn him to his feet.

I REMEMBERED something a Canadian pilot had told me at the airfield back in Bristol—something about a party lost in Labrador and Canadian Air Force planes searching for them. The references to an expedition in the log books, the map and my father's obsession with Labrador, and that sudden frightened look on my mother's face—it was all coming together in my mind.

"Mother," I said. "There was a message, wasn't there?"

"I don't know what you mean, dear. Come down and finish your tea."

I shook my head. "You do know what I mean." I went over and took hold of her hands. They were cold as ice. "The current log book—it's missing. What have you done with it?" I told her then about the planes searching for a geological party lost in Labrador. "If Dad picked up some sort of a message from them, those men's lives might depend on it."

She said: "He imagined things."

"He didn't imagine this," I said. "He wrote the message down, didn't he, Mother? For God's sake! You must let me see that log book."

A defeated look showed in her face. "If you must have it, I'll get it."

I took it from her and leafed through the pages and the word *search* caught my eye several times. Then I saw on a page clear of all other jottings: *CQ—CQ—CQ—Any 75-metre phone station—Come in someone please—Come in someone please—K.*

THE desperation of that cry called to me through the shaky pencilled words. And underneath he had written *BRIFFE—It must be.* And the date and the time—*September 29, 13.55—voice very faint.* And below that, with the time given as 14.05—*Calling again. CQ—CQ—CQ etc. Still no reply.* Then the final entry: *Calling VO6AZ now. Position not known but within 30 miles radius C2—situation desperate—injured and no fire—Baird very bad—Laroche gone—CQ—CQ—CQ—Can hardly hear him—Search for narrow lake with rock shaped like. . . .* The message ended there in a straggling pencil line as though the point of it had slipped as he made the effort to stand.

Injured and no fire! I sat there, staring at the pencilled words, a vivid picture in my mind of a narrow desolate lake and an injured man crouched over a radio set.

"What are you going to do?" My mother's voice sounded nervous.

"Mum," I said, "why was Dad so interested in Labrador?"

But she had turned away. "I'm going to get supper," she said.

Alone, I began thinking again about those men lost in Labrador. I wondered what one did in a case like this. Suppose nobody but my father had picked up that message? Then I was the thread on which men's lives hung.

It was an appalling thought and I worried about it all through supper. When we had finished the meal my mind was made up. I walked to the nearest call box and dialled 999. When I got through I found it wasn't easy to explain what it was all about. However, in the end they said they would contact the Canadian authorities, and I felt that a weight had been lifted from my shoulders.

At eleven next morning two men arrived, a police inspector and a Flight-Lieutenant Mathers of the Canadian Air Force. They wanted to see the log book. When I handed it to the inspector, I found myself apologizing. "I'm afraid it's not very good. You see my father was paralysed and——"

"Yes, we know all about that," the inspector said. He was looking through the log book, the flight-lieutenant peering over his shoulder. When he had examined every page, he turned back to the one on which the message was written. "I think you said that your father died immediately after writing this? Now, we'd like to see the room where he had his radio."

I took them up and the flight-lieutenant had a look at the radio whilst the inspector examined the log books and the map on the wall.

"Well, it's all in working order," the flight-lieutenant said.

The inspector turned to me. "I'm sorry to have to ask you this, Mr. Ferguson, but we understand your father had a stroke a few months ago."

"Yes," I said. "But he made a very quick recovery."

"What I'm getting at is this . . . can you vouch for your father's mental state? Could he perhaps have imagined this?"

"No. Certainly not." I stopped then, because I realized what must have prompted the question. "Do you mean to say nobody else picked up that transmission?"

"Not as far as we know." He turned to the flight-lieutenant. "However, there's no doubt he was following the progress of this expedition. There are dozens of references to it in these notebooks, but. . . . He passed the books across to the Canadian.

BY now I could stand it no longer. "What's wrong with the message, then?" I asked.

The flight-lieutenant looked up from the log books. "We're not doubting he was in touch with Ledder, you know. I checked with our people at Goose right away. Simon Ledder and his wife are both registered hams operating their own station under the call sign VO6AZ. In this case they were acting as base station for the McGovern Mining and Exploration Company, receiving Briffe's reports and transmitting them to the company's offices in Montreal."

"Well then?"

"Briffe and the man with him were reported dead almost a week ago. On September twenty-fifth to be exact. Bert Laroche, the pilot of the crashed plane, trekked out on his own. He reached one of the construction camps of the Iron Ore Railway on the twenty-fifth and reported that the other two were dead when he left them. He'd been five days trekking out, so they were dead by September twentieth. Now you say your father picked up a radio broadcast from Briffe yesterday. That's nine whole days after Briffe was dead. It just doesn't make sense."

"The pilot might have made a mistake."

"Men just don't make that sort of mistake, Mr. Ferguson. Certainly not experienced flyers like Bert Laroche. He crashed his Beaver floatplane into a rock trying to land on a lake in a snow storm. Briffe and Baird were injured. He got them ashore and the plane sank. That was on September fourteenth. Baird died almost immediately, Briffe a few days later, and then he started to trek out."

"But the message?" I cried.

"If your father picked up a transmission, why didn't someone else? And how could he possibly pick up voice from an old set like Briffe's? There's only one explanation, I guess."

I knew what he meant and I was furious. "You think my father made it all up. But you're wrong. My father was a first-class radio operator."

"There wasn't any message," the flight-lieutenant said quietly. "I'm sorry about your father. But let's be practical. We had four planes searching for almost a week. Then Laroche came out and reported the other two dead and we called off the search. Now you want me to advise a resumption of a full-scale search, just because your father wrote down a message in an exercise book before he died—a message that, even if it had been transmitted, it was technically impossible for him to pick up."

There wasn't anything I could say to that. "If it's impossible. . . ."

"He was more than two thousand miles outside normal range. Of course," he added, "there's always the chance of freak reception and, just in case, I'm having inquiries made of all ham operators in Canada."

The inspector nodded. "If you don't mind, I'll keep these notebooks for the time being. I'll let you have these back in a day or so."

The two men left, and I had other, more practical things to think about. The funeral pushed everything else into the background of my mind.

ON the morning I was leaving to return to Bristol, the postman brought a registered package. Inside were the log books. There was also a letter, impersonal and final, to the effect that the Canadian authorities had been unable to obtain any confirmation of the message my father claimed to have received, and that they did not think any useful purpose could be served by resuming the search.

My mother came to the station to see me off. As the train was about to leave she gripped my hand. "You'll let that Labrador business alone, won't you, Ian? Please, please leave it alone." The whistle blew then and she kissed me, turned quickly and walked away.

I got out the log books and looked through them again. It wasn't difficult to see why the authorities and the "experts" had decided to disregard the message. The books were such a mess. And yet, running through them was this thread of the Labrador expedition.

Before I knew what I was doing I had got out pencil and paper and was jotting down every reference in the log books that could conceivably have a bearing on Briffe's expedition. I was able, with the help of a little guesswork, to build up a picture of it.

Briffe had presumably started out on his survey some time around the end of July. There was no indication of the purpose of the expedition, only that Briffe was working for the McGovern Mining and Exploration Company. But, as I turned the pages, the men involved in the disaster were revealed.

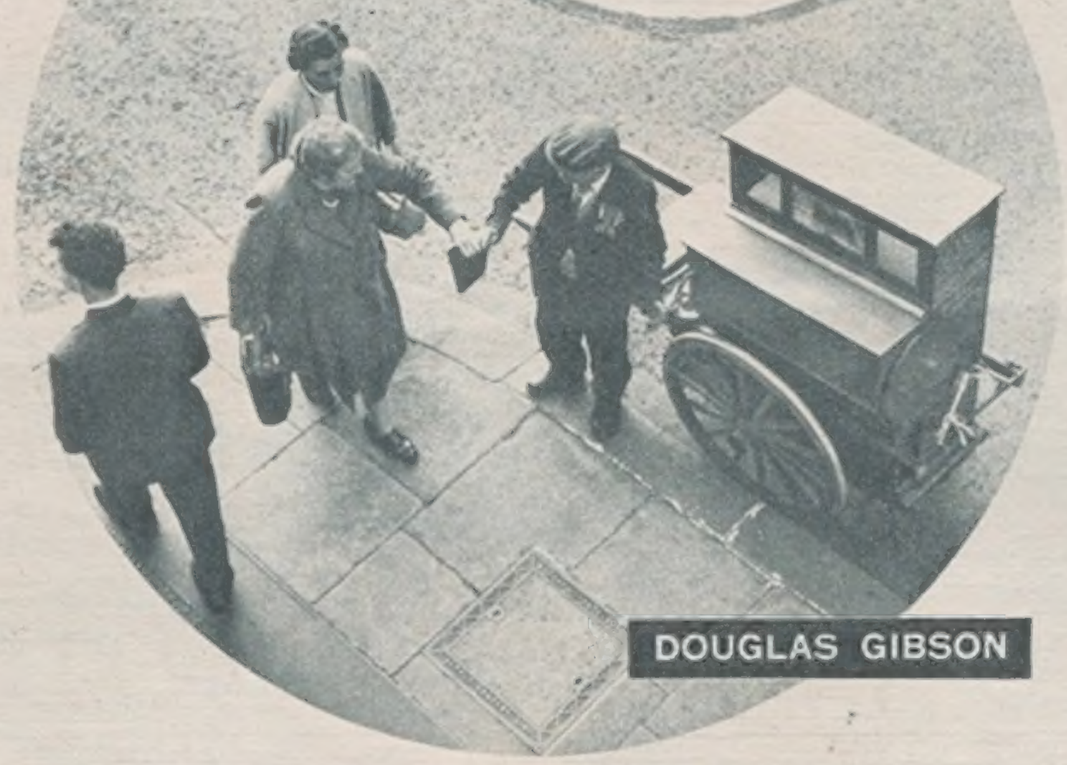
Briffe was the leader of the party. There was also a man called Baird and a third man, the pilot, Laroche. My father had written this last name in capitals and underneath it: *No, it can't be. I must be mad.*

There were several puzzling remarks of this sort, but, reading through the notes I had made as the train ran into Bristol, it was clear that my father had not only followed the story of the whole expedition, but he had even made direct contact with VO6AZ—Simon Ledder and his wife—to clarify certain points. If the so-called experts had bothered to isolate the references to the

continued on page 38

BARREL-ORGAN MAN

Along the wintry street today
I met the barrel-organ man,
And as I stood and watched him play,
The music prodigally ran
Along the melancholy street,
Laughed in the wind, gleamed in the rain,
And weary footsteps danced to meet
Life's gaiety again.
Blessed is he who comes to make
Those barren pavements sing,
And in our wintry hearts to wake
The hopefulness of Spring.



DOUGLAS GIBSON

Gossip, snooper or hermit, you'll be summed up in a few seconds by the stranger on your doorstep—even if you don't want to answer his knock

Who's behind your front door?

by ALLEN ANDREWS

A KNOCK sounded down the hall of a faded but neatly kept house in a Surrey town. In the kitchen a woman lifted her greying head as she waited to hear the caller go away.

Then on a sudden impulse she got up and walked to open the door. A younger woman with a sheaf of papers stood with her hand poised on the polished knocker. She explained that she was engaged in a questionnaire. The householder hesitated. "Come in," she said at last.

When the questions were answered the woman seemed reluctant to let her caller go. She offered the interviewer tea, and before putting the kettle on the gas she put a match to the fire. She began to talk about herself.

Her father had been a widower and had recently died. She had never married, and while looking after her father she seemed to have lost all her friends.

"I am glad you knocked, and I eventually answered," she said. "I was going to end it all this afternoon."

A farewell note

And she showed the astonished caller a farewell note she had already written, and a pillow brought from upstairs.

The market researcher who told this story has experienced every sort of reception from the people who open their door to her. "Some open it three inches and conduct a wary conversation without being seen," she says. "Some fling it wide open with a welcome.

"Some give you an easy smile before they know who you are, and some literally come out fighting, also before they know who you are—I was once pushed through the front gate by a man who mistook me for the cruelty-to-children inspector.

"Others always seem to send the children to answer, even when these are too young to take any message sensibly. A few conduct any interview from a back room, apparently preferring a shouting match along the corridor.

"Many people still say, 'Not today, thank you,' before they have the slightest idea why I'm there, but the great increase in free samples given away at the door is affecting this. More and more like to have a brief look at me first."

There are nearly 15 million front doors in Britain. Secure behind them are family units ranging from solitary women to bustling tribes three generations strong.

Within reasonable limits anyone has the right to knock at those doors—though repeated bangings in the small hours, or malicious disturbance at any time, can be prohibited as a nuisance. But the law-abiding householder can do exactly what he likes about answering the knock.

His home is his castle. He can let down the drawbridge with a smile, with a poker-face, or with a bad-tempered 'What the hell!' Or he need not take the slightest notice of his visitor.

There is a rare type of person who refuses to conceal the fact that he is ignoring a knock, and moves brassily about inside the house.

Not fit to be seen

"I have been told later by some women: 'Oh, I knew you were there, but I hadn't put my make-up on that morning and I just wasn't going to open the door,'" says an electricity inspector.

A few older people, sometimes still scared by a recent burglary, march to the door and slam home the bolts before going back to their work. Yet the sense of obligation to answer a knock is so strong that most people try to excuse their unsociability by pretending they are not in. The ruse often fails.

"It is surprisingly easy to sense an occupant in an apparently empty house," says one rent collector. "At the first knock all the life inside seems to freeze—but a second too late. People are also rather careless about letting the curtains swing as they peer through to see who is calling."

"Housewives come chasing me down the street once they have seen what went on at the neighbour's door," says a woman who has handed out many sample soap tablets.

"They say either 'I didn't hear you knock' or 'I was in the lavatory.' But we are generally glad to see them, for we often have precise instructions to cover every householder."

Millions of thumps on doors are made every day by postmen, milkmen, gasmen, dustmen and a postwar host of women working at part-time jobs "on the knocker." Those not in uniform have learned to begin quickly "I'm not selling anything," if that is true.

That does not save them from a surly reception from a small but highly vocal minority of householders who regard any call not made by a personal friend, public servant or known tradesman as an intrusion on their privacy.

"Why do you bring me to the door? I don't know you!" stormed a middle-aged man in Cheltenham.

Some doors are never opened to a caller. Many milkmen have one "hermit" on their rounds whom they never see, and who pays by leaving the exact money outside every week. "There are some houses I'm dying to deliver a registered letter to," said a postman, "just to see who will come out to sign the receipt."

In general the friendliest people on Britain's doorsteps are the aged. "Nobody realizes how lonely so many are, and how grateful and rewarding they are for any attention," says a rural postman. This man makes it a practice to take medical prescriptions from bedridden pensioners and "cash" them in the town for bottles which he brings on his next delivery.

"Old people are so grateful just for the chance to talk to someone," says a circular distributor. "I have seen them cry over a free bar of soap."

Those who object

The reception given to gifts and vouchers sorts out the millions who answer Britain's front doors into quite distinct types. A proportion—experts put it at about five per cent in certain areas—refuse to take anything on conscientious grounds. Some of them retain an intense aversion to "charity." Others get argumentative about the concealed cost of the "free" offers.

But some conscientious objectors waver if the gift seems valuable. A recent "introductory offer" of a quite costly bar of soap is said to have seduced many who had been most scrupulous before that distribution.

In the experience of the men who supervise free gifts and their distribution, most housewives accept them with

continued on page 26

Champagne, caviar and bloody noses

Only top people attend the slugging soirées of the National Sporting Club. It's boxing's inner sanctum—and the menu is a knockout

A boxer who's asked to fight at the Club finds himself in a sumptuous world far removed from the sweat and sawdust circuit. Dressing-rooms are palatial and the bouts go on in an atmosphere of cigar smoke and tinkling glasses

A WAITER, resplendently dressed in the livery of a Regency footman, handed a message to David Thomas, general manager of the National Sporting Club, at the ringside in the Napoleon ballroom of the Café Royal, Regent Street.

The club was in session. Members and their guests, all male and immaculately dressed in dinner jackets, were seated at tables deployed around the ring. The arena was filled with a subdued buzz of conversation punctuated by the clinking of brandy glasses and the scuffling of the boxers' feet as they sparred for an opening.

Thomas, at his vantage point near the ring, where a supporting bout was ending, read the message. He picked his way between the tables and communicated its contents to four members of the assembly, all M.P.s.

The time was 9.45 p.m. On November 25, 1957, in the House of Commons, a debate on an opposition amendment to the Constitution of Rhodesia and Nyasaland Bill was approaching its climax. Summoned urgently by the party whips the M.P.s, headed by Peter Thorneycroft, left the arena in a hurry. At ten o'clock the House divided, and ten minutes later the politicians were back at the ringside. "I held up the main bout until their return," says Thomas, "so that they wouldn't be disappointed."

Thomas steers an intricate course between the old traditions of one of Britain's most exclusive clubs, and the harsh realities of contemporary social life. His membership, restricted to five hundred who pay a subscription of twenty guineas a year, is composed entirely of men of substantial means, including millionaire industrialists, stockbrokers, film producers, politicians and peers.

Regular night out

Reorganized, and opened in 1951 for the first time since its wartime closure in 1939, the N.S.C. promotes professional boxing fortnightly from September to June.

Each meeting is a decorous occasion, and one of the club's strictest rules forbids applause while fighting is in progress.

Thomas's worst moment occurred during a contest earlier this year. The referee was a learner, who allowed the boxers to hug and maul each other throughout the fight. Towards the end Thomas was horrified to hear the unmistakable, rhythmic beat of the slow handclap. The timekeeper, Cecil Nicholls, grabbed the microphone and barked: "Quiet, gentlemen, please." The evening proceeded as if nothing had occurred.

At the turn of the century the N.S.C. was noted for the Bohemian character of some of its members.

The artist Augustus John frequently attended the club's old premises at Covent Garden in a black

Among connoisseurs of the classic style are chairman Charles Forte (with cigarette) and ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer Peter Thorneycroft (far left)

Great fighters from Jem Mace to Jimmy Wilde have appeared at the club. Now its boxers are mostly young professionals. Heavyweights are seldom on the bill. "They're too slow and ponderous," says manager David Thomas

coat, gipsy ear-rings and a sprouting Biblical beard. But the wearing of a dinner jacket is now a condition of admittance, and the Marquess of Queensberry has been turned away for being improperly dressed.

Training ground

The club, which can no longer afford to engage the world's best boxers, is considered a useful training ground for young professionals.

A ladies' night is held regularly every season. "Wives feel happier when they see what their husbands are up to," says Thomas.

During its early years, the club asserted dictatorial powers over professional pugilism in Britain, and featured most of the world's greatest boxers of the period.

John Harding, a variety agent, opened a new series of N.S.C. promotions at the Empress Hall in 1936.

David Thomas, a lean Welshman, joined the club as accountant in 1938. He was appointed general manager of the N.S.C. in succession to Harding, who died in January, 1958.

He was recently approached by the manager of an Irish boxer. "My boy has got a nice singing voice," explained the manager. "Perhaps your members would like to hear him sing 'When Irish Eyes Are Smiling'?"

"The answer he got," says Thomas, "was in the club's best traditions—and distinctly out of tune." THE END

A good performance earns applause and "nobbins"—notes thrown into the ring. Sir Alexander Maxwell claps in appreciation of a stirring fight

A MAN

by HUGH B. CAVE

Luis gave Rosita the strong man's gun. "Tell your mother to call the villagers," he said. "I have something more that I must do . . . alone"

ILLUSTRATED BY WYLES

TO RESPECT

Love songs alone could never win Rosita. Luis must prove himself to her father—by moving a mountain

YOUNG Luis Bonilla was a slender lad of twenty who sang love songs in a sweet tenor voice and composed poetry. His ambition was to drive a bulldozer. Twice a week at least Luis went to his employer, a muscular British giant who had spent his life in Manigua building roads where roads are not easily built and who had a gentle contempt for men of milder talents.

"Please, Señor Manley, have you reconsidered?" Luis would say, his soft, dark eyes full of entreaty.

"Go away." George Manley would growl.

"But I have the ability, señor. I know I have it. If I could but show you!"

"Stick to your lorries!" George would bellow. "I've told you a thousand times, Luis, it takes a special kind of man to drive a 'dozer. Now—stop hounding me or I'll fire you."

Why it was that young Luis Bonilla longed with heart and soul to operate one of the giant bulldozers, George had never bothered to find out. Had Luis told him, it would have made no difference. "A girl!" he would have snorted. "What do you think this is? A matrimonial bureau?"

Patiently and persistently Luis tried, and got nowhere. He was getting nowhere with the girl either, but that was to be expected. He, Luis Bonilla, was only a country schoolteacher's son, while the father of Rosita Colindres owned a silver mine. Anyone but Luis would have recognized the impossibility of such a romance and drowned himself.

For six months George Manley had been widening a stretch of the perilous mountain highway between Tolintino and Manigua City. Every Saturday afternoon for five of the six months, Luis had been driving to Tolintino to call on his beloved. And the result?

"It is hopeless, Luis," she would sigh, with tears in her lovely eyes. "You know what Papa would say. A boy who drives a lorry——"

"He thought well enough of the lorry once," Luis said, recalling the day he had discovered Señor Colindre's car in a ditch and hauled it out, thus meeting his beloved for the first time. . . .

ON a Saturday evening in August, Luis and his beloved strolled the silent streets, and Luis recited a poem he had written about the hopelessness of young love.

"If only Señor Manley would let me drive a bulldozer," he said. "A lorry driver is nothing, I admit it, but even your father would respect a man who could move a mountain."

His beloved only squeezed his hand, so he walked back with her to the big walled house where she lived, and whispered his farewells. The big house was in darkness tonight, Señora Colindres having retired and her husband, Jaime, being away in the capital. Luis, his hands in his pockets, trudged disconsolately back to his jeep.

Half-way to it he halted, puzzled. A car had turned in between the gateposts to block his exit—a large black car. Luis frowned at the four men who stepped out of it. Two of them he knew by reputation, and their presence in Tolintino surprised him. Colonel Francisco Chavez and the politician Vicente Giron were no friends of his sweetheart's family, he was certain. The other two were large, scowling men—bodyguards, Luis guessed—who were probably not even friendly with their own mothers.

"You have come a long way for nothing, gentlemen," Luis murmured uneasily as the quartet halted before him. "Señor Colindres is not here."

"It so happens that he sent us," said Chavez, who was thin and tall, wore a uniform and carried a holstered revolver prominently on one hip.

"In that case, if you will move your car and let me out, please. . . ."

"Come into the house," the colonel said.

"But I was just leaving."

"The house," Chavez repeated firmly, and one of the strong men stepped forward. Young Luis found himself walking across the yard and climbing the wide stone steps, with a massive set of fingers locked tightly about his arm.

A SERVANT was sent to summon Señora Colindres and, when that admirable woman appeared, Colonel Chavez bowed to her. "Permit me to introduce myself," he said, introducing the others as well and calling the two strong men Pedro something and Diego something. "You understand, señora, why we are here?"

The mother of Luis Bonilla's beloved was a tall, handsome woman, regal in her flowered dressing-gown. She gazed at her callers without expression. "I am afraid I do not."

"Your husband has not told you?" The colonel appeared distressed. "Tonight, señora, ex-President Bajada returns to Manigua from exile to take his rightful place in the national palace. He will come on horseback over the mountain trails from the San Marlo border, with an escort. We are to meet him here. Your husband is one of us."

"I do not believe you," Señora Colindres said calmly. "My husband despises Bajada."

"I assure you. . . ."

"You do not flatter my intelligence, colonel. I must ask you to leave."

The four exchanged glances, and Chavez sighed before drawing his revolver. "It would have been so much easier had you believed me, señora. Now you force me. . . ." The weapon swerved as Luis Bonilla lurched from his chair. "Sit down, you fool!"

Luis stopped his forward motion and sank back, poised like a crouching cat on the edge of his chair. The mother of his beloved glanced at him in surprise.

Chavez, scowling, said crisply: "We had better wake the rest of the household and assemble them. Since we may have several hours to wait, it will be safer if we all wait together."

LUIS BONILLA sat very still. He was not now composing poems for his beloved. He remembered the time he had saved the Colindres family from disaster by hauling their car out of a ditch. If he could save them again. . . .

Twelve persons occupied the room, but it was a large room, not crowded. Colonel Chavez and his henchmen made up one group. In another sat the servants, frightened and silent. In a third sat Señora Colindres, her daughter Rosita, and the two small children—a boy and a girl—of the cook, who was visiting relatives.

Only Luis sat by himself. He had thought the situation through and arrived at certain conclusions. First: if the man Chavez now awaited managed to reach the capital, the impending insurrection might easily succeed, for Chavez controlled a sizeable faction in the army. Second: if it did succeed, Jaime Colindres and his family would certainly lose their Tolintino property, which was all they owned.

Luis saw Rosita watching him and moved unhappily. Hadn't he told her again and again that he would turn the earth inside out and dry up rivers for her, if given the chance?

THE night passed slowly. Luis wept internally with rage and mortification. How, unarmed, was he to turn the tables on these monsters?

At three o'clock the idea came to him. He stiffened on his chair. "Colonel Chavez," he said hesitantly. "By this time tomorrow you will own the country. I could be of some small assistance to you, perhaps."

From the part of the room that Luis could not see came a gasp. "Luis!" his beloved exclaimed, the word no doubt shocked out of her.

The colonel's lips twitched with amusement. "This is a proposition, little man?" he asked, raising his eyebrows.

"Only a very small one. It—it occurs to me that Señor Bajada is a long time coming. I could shorten the waiting if you will permit it."

Chavez scowled. "How?"

"For you and your car the road ends here at Tolintino. But I know this country well, and at the wheel of a jeep I am an expert. I could drive you to Cabeza de Toro in that jeep, a saving of eight miles in the saddle for your President Bajada."

The room was still while Colonel Chavez weighed the offer. Luis scarcely breathed. But in the end the colonel stood up. "You will remain here," he instructed Diego. And to Luis and the other two: "Come!"

Luis walked to the door with his gaze fixed firmly on the back of the colonel's glossy head, sick at the thought of what he might see on his beloved's face if he turned. She could not know that, strapped under the driver's seat of the jeep, was a weapon. Señor Manley's work often took him into country districts where it was wise to go armed. . . .

Never before had Luis attempted to take a jeep over that track winding north through the mountains from the road's end at Tolintino, but he had walked it and knew what to expect.

For half a mile he guided the snorting little vehicle with great skill through a vast maze of boulders. Then he braked the vehicle to a halt.

"A cigarette for my nerves," he muttered to Chavez. His left hand curled under the seat, found the concealed weapon and withdrew it. Whipping it into view, he said hoarsely. "Now, gentlemen!"

CHAVEZ only gazed at him without expression. The fat politician in the rear said calmly, "Take him, Pedro," and the bodyguard swung a huge fist at Luis's ear.

Luis threw himself sideways and fired, and there was no sound—only that of Pedro's fist against the side of his head. He fell from the jeep and Pedro clambered out after him, relentless as a landslide, to lift him by the shirt front and club him again and again across face and head, until Chavez, in the jeep, said, "Enough."

Battered and bloody, Luis sank to the ground.

"Take him back to the house," Chavez ordered with a shrug. "We will go on if we can." Leaning from the vehicle, he gazed at Luis and shook his head. "You will never be the hero you aspire to be, little man," he said. "You are too stupid."

Luis was slung over Pedro's shoulder and carried, and the silent houses of Tolintino were about him when he recovered enough to speak. "Who—who unloaded the gun?" he asked.

"I did, when we first arrived and I closed the gate."

"How did you know it was there?"

"My friend, if there is anything that Colonel Chavez does not know, it is not worth knowing."

Silent in his misery, Luis was borne into the house and dropped on the sitting-room floor. The dropping finished him for a time. When his eyes

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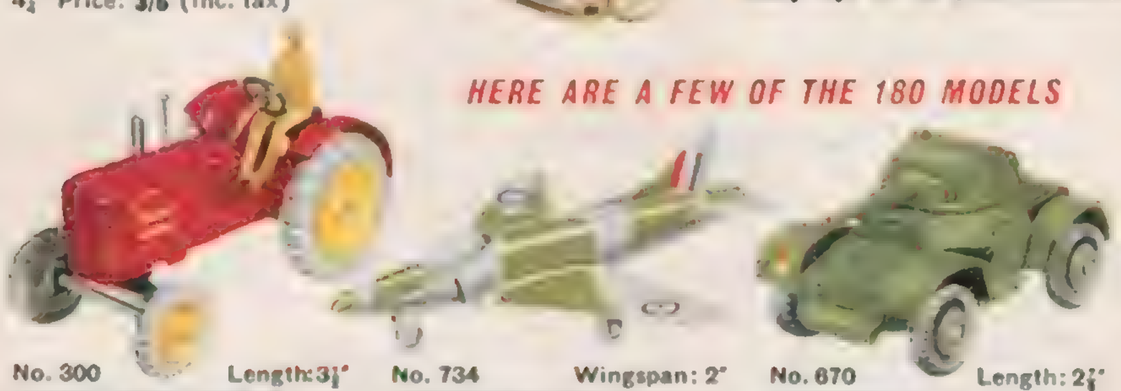

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A man to respect

continued from previous page

and mind functioned again, he found Rosita on her knees beside him, holding cool cloths to his battered face.

Luis reached feebly for his beloved's hand. "I—I had no intention of joining them, Rosita. Believe me!"

"You must not talk."

"There was a gun in the jeep. But Chavez knew it was there."

To his vast astonishment, the girl of his dreams bent her head and placed her lips very gently on his.

"What was that for?" Luis gasped.

HER hands were gentle and her eyes full of tenderness. "You tried and that is what counts," she said. "My singer of songs has become a man of action. If we live through this awful night, we can speak to my father. There will be no reason for him to scorn a driver of lorries, especially such a brave one—when he is destitute himself."

Luis gazed at her in silence, wondering what was wrong with him. He should be happy, but was not. With her own lips she had confessed she loved him. Yet he was miserable. The beating must have damaged his mind.

From the street outside came the clatter of the returning jeep. Luis opened his eyes. Colonel Chavez strode into the room.

The colonel had no interest in Luis Bonilla. To Pedro he said crisply: "Remain here. Guard these people until somebody arrives with orders." Beckoning the second strong man, he wheeled to the door.

Señora Colindres said, "Have you the president, Colonel Chavez?"

The colonel bowed. "We have the president, señora. And in four hours we shall have a palace to put him in."

Luis heard the car start in the yard below. *Four hours,* he thought. Probably less than that, now that George Manley, the mover of mountains, had widened the most dangerous part of the road and reduced the hazards.

Luis reached for his beloved's hand and drew her close. He whispered.

"No, no," she whispered in return. "It is impossible."

"Nothing is impossible. Do as I say."

She looked at him strangely, for it was not like Luis to give orders. His eyes commanded her and she nodded. Reaching for the basin of water with which she had bathed him, she rose.

As she went across the room, Luis lifted himself on an elbow. "Pedro!"

The guard scowled at him.

"I have a proposition, Pedro."

Amused, Pedro strolled over. "Talk, then. It will pass the time."

"I THINK it will," Luis murmured—and the basin, flung by his beloved, took the man full on the back of his head. Luis seized him by the knees, pulled him down and beat his head against the hard tiles of the floor. He must not fail again.

In a moment Luis rose and handed the strong man's gun to his beloved. "Tell your mother to call the villagers," he instructed.

"Luis! Where are you going?"

"I have something more that I must do . . . alone."

Rosita did not try to stop him. This was not a Luis who could be stopped. . . .

The streets of the town fell behind and chill mountain air whistled about the windscreen of the jeep. The infamous road to the capital rushed forward like a scared snake into the gleam of the headlights. Never before had any man, even George Manley himself, taken those awesome curves at such a speed.

Thirty minutes from Tolintino, at the point where the road began its zigzag vertical descent, Luis stamped on the brake and swerved the jeep into a roadside clearing. Mounds of gravel and a watchman's shack loomed there in the darkness, and in the small window of the shack glowed a light.

Luis paid no attention to the light. Old Quirio Garcia, the watchman, would understand, anyway. Leaping from the jeep as it screeched to a halt, Luis turned and raced across the road.

He looked down. He was not too late. The lights of the car he had been pursuing crept at a snail's pace directly below him. They crept toward him, because the car had just rounded the first of the many hairpin turns, a quarter of a mile distant.

Luis sped back to the clearing. He threw himself toward a massive yellow hulk of machinery looming dark and silent between mounds of gravel. It was an old friend, that hulk.

Clawing his way up the side of it, he crouched on what appeared to be a vast ribbon of metal and jabbed a thumb at a button. The starting motor awoke from sleep with cheerful promptness, just as it had on many a dark night before when Luis had persuaded old Quirio not to look while he practised on the bulldozer.

He threw the clutch to engage the diesel and danced impatiently on the 'dozer while the big engine warmed up for action. He yanked the lever into running position and leaped upward to the padded seat.

At that moment the shack door clattered open and a thundering voice turned him to stone. With one hand on the gear shift between his legs and the other reaching for the master clutch, Luis gazed in horror at the massive shape striding towards him. It was the last man in the world he wished to see.

George Manley halted by the 'dozer. "What," he demanded, looking up, "do you think you're doing?"

In the doorway behind him appeared another figure—the tall, spare, white-haired figure of Jaime Colindres, the father of Luis's beloved. Luis gasped.

The explanation was simple, had Luis but known it. Just before midnight George Manley had left the bar

continued on page 32

NUPTIAL GLITTER

What shall we throw at the blushing bride
Now that confetti's litter,
If, in the crowds, like gimlet eyes,
Constables' buttons glitter?
If fragrant flowerlets strewed the streets,
Or rice fell patter-pitter,
May we assume the powers that be
Would deem such litter fitter?
And if, despite our subtleties,
A fine turns nuptials bitter,
What shall we throw at the blushing bride
Now that confetti's litter?

N. EDWARDS

+ + + + + + + + + + + + + +

MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME by Roger Smithells

SCREW IT and GLUE IT

I like this packaged furniture. It saves our cash and develops our taste for making things

A clear case of more haste, less speed; but by the time she has picked up the coffee cups and reset the tray he's sure to have that table assembled ready to receive it

BEFORE the war you could buy a table lamp at Woolworths for half a crown. In those days Woolworths sold nothing costing more than sixpence, but they dodged this point by selling the lamp in five separate sixpenny parts. You took the parts home, screwed them together and felt a ridiculous glow of pride as though you had made the thing yourself.

Today you can get the same glow of pride on a grand scale and with more reason. The home-assembly kit, which started as a gimmick, has become a national industry. You can now furnish your entire home in a screw-it-and-glue-it basis. All that you need is common sense and a degree of patience.

I have just made a two-door cabinet from one of these kits. With the help of my handyman son, David, the whole assembly was finished in one easygoing Sunday. On page 35 you can see, step by step, how the job was done. The cabinet had been intended for the kitchen, but it looked so handsome that we are using it as a sideboard.

Dyed-in-the-wool craftsmen are apt to jeer at packaged furniture. They see it as a cheap short cut to furniture-making. It is cheap and it is a short cut. But I think they are wrong to jeer.

Professional touch

If you have no special carpentry skill you may shy at the idea of making your own furniture. But the self-assembly kits make the job easy and encourage you to have a go. You get the habit of handling simple tools and take pride in giving your work a professional finish. This is the halfway house to craftsmanship. Soon you are ready to tackle more ambitious jobs.

Another big point—self-assembly furniture can make a substantial cut in your furnishing budget. By supplying the labour which turns factory-made parts into finished pieces you can save yourself twenty-five to fifty per cent on the cost of your furniture. The quality of the furniture can be as good as that which you buy ready-made in the furnishing shops. The finish depends on you.

The furniture kit idea started with simple pieces like coffee tables. Your kit contained a table top, four legs fitted with ready-drilled fixing blocks, and sixteen screws. All you had to do was to glue and screw the legs to the top. The blocks solved the amateur's big problem—how to make a firm leg joint.

Sound and lasting

Today you can assemble an ironing board, an armchair, a wardrobe or fitted furniture for an entire kitchen from preformed parts. I have not yet found a do-it-yourself grand piano but no doubt that will come. The principle is still the same as that of the original screwdriver coffee table. Machine-made joints enable you to put together sound, enduring furniture which the average home handyman would never have the time and skill to make on his own.

The more ambitious furniture kits become, the more scope there is for individual enterprise in assembling and finishing them. A few kits are supplied with a surface finish but most pieces need staining, polishing or painting when you have put them together. This gives you the chance to match the furniture to other pieces or to your general colour scheme.

There are individual units which can be combined in a dozen different ways to suit the needs of your room. Fitments made to a standard size can be cut down at home to fit exactly into an existing recess or adapted to an awkward corner.

These do-it-yourself furniture kits fall roughly into two groups. The first is the kind which can only be made up in one way. Kitchen units, chests of drawers or cupboards fall into this group. This does not mean that you have to have the broom cupboard next to the sink, or the dressing-table between two cupboards. What it does mean is that you can only assemble the broom cupboard in the way the component parts are planned

Brianco's ladder units, screwed to the wall or standing, combine shelves, drawers and storage cupboards into a handsome unit

This Wren Craft chest of drawers for a bedroom has bed, dressing table, stool and wardrobe as matching companion pieces

Upholstered furniture is just as easy to put together. This Easibilt wing chair in a heavy weave has wooden arms and frame

An L-shaped occasional table for tea- or television-time. Just three legs and a handsome top, from Espresso furniture

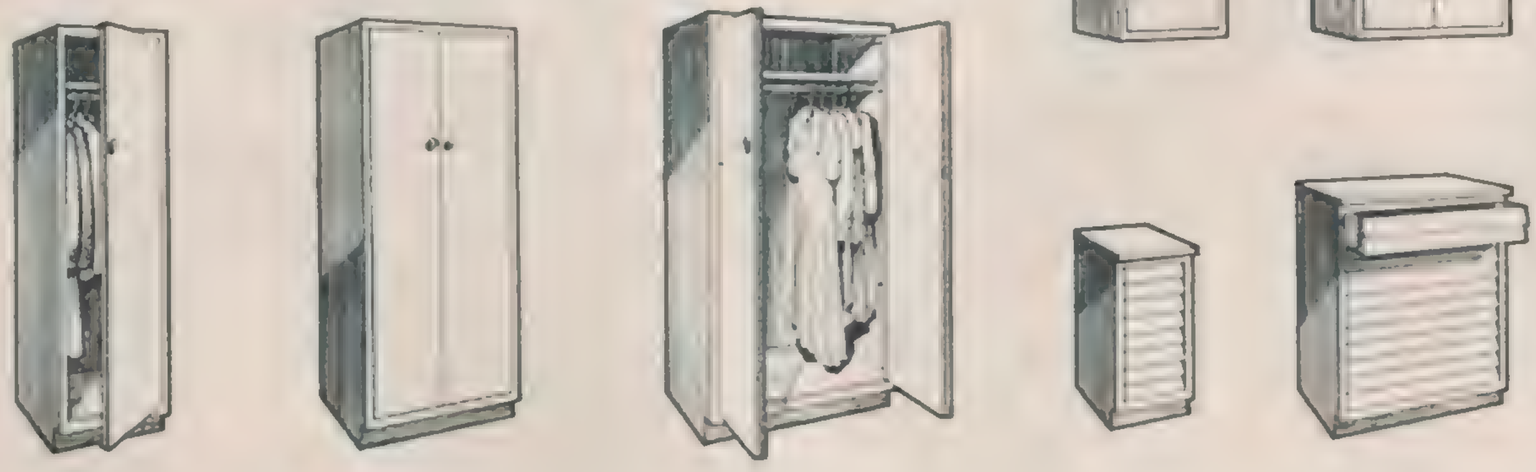
A new departure—very simple to make, and a real saving. Make-it-yourself adjustable ironing board from Hollidge & Co.

A useful addition for any book-loving household. It can be assembled stepped either to right or left. From Furni-kit

BEDROOM FROM A PACKAGE

It's hard to believe that all this built-in bedroom furniture arrived in small parcels and flat cardboard boxes

Peerless Built-In Furniture, already famous for their kitchen units, are now making bedroom furniture. You can choose units in widths and heights to fit your room. The beehive fronts to drawers are handles in disguise. Set-back plinths under units save the furniture from kick-marks. Below are drawings of the individual units



to fit together. Some firms allow you to order pieces measured specially for your requirements, for instance Kit-Pak, who will supply wardrobe units to fit into any alcove; and almost all the kitchen unit firms will supply a work-top in one piece to cover any number of units, so that you do not have dust-catching grooves between the units.

Furniture in this group always arrives unfinished, and the success of the ultimate result depends on how much trouble you take at this stage. Meticulous sandpapering is necessary first, of course, to remove any rough edges and then you must choose your final treatment. With bedroom and living-room furniture, you can buy kits in a variety of hardwoods—either solid or veneered. How you finish these depends rather on the style of your other furniture. If it is mainly modern, your best plan is to apply a plastic sealer, such as Leyland's "Primosorb" or "Glitsa," which will preserve the natural colour and texture of the wood, just lightly bringing out the grain. If the rest of your furniture is old, the new piece will probably be more in keeping if it is french-polished. You can do this yourself at home with the Furniglas french polishing kit. It is quite a long job, but the final gleaming finish is ample reward for your hard work.

Some of the kits include parts made of chipboard, which needs rather special treatment when painting. The way the experts do it takes quite a long time, but ensures a perfect finish. You need a filler such as Alabastine or Polyfilla, primer and oil-paint. Chipboard arrives with a smooth surface, but before you start to paint it, you should smooth any cut edges with sandpaper. Then apply a coat of primer which brings up the grain of the board. Allow to dry completely. Next cover the whole surface with a creamy mixture of filler, paying particular attention to the edges. Allow this to dry hard, and sandpaper lightly. Next apply the undercoat, and when this is thoroughly dry, sandpaper the board thoroughly with wet-and-dry sandpaper. The board is then ready for its finishing coat.

The other group consists of furniture which you virtually design yourself, by choosing a combination of various component parts and putting them together as you like. These kits usually involve much less actual carpentry, as drawer and cupboard units arrive ready assembled and finished—all you have to do is mount them on legs or on other units. With this system you can achieve complete individuality, as your furniture made this way need not look like anyone else's.

The firms who sell this kind of furniture, which is called "component furniture" as opposed to do-it-yourself "furniture kits," usually also sell separate metal and wooden legs of various shapes and sizes. These can give you great scope for inventing new pieces of furniture, and renovating old pieces, which are gathering dust in the attic. I have seen a most effective dining table made on a shoe-string out of a veneered flush door with four metal legs screwed to it, and many an overloaded bookcase has benefited from an extra row of shelves at the top.

Doing it yourself with furniture kits can save you money, but not all kits measure up to a standard of quality which justifies your labour. Among reliable firms in this field are: Brianco (London), Ltd., 507 Hackney Road, London, E.2; Bybrit Displays, Ltd., 493 Cambridge Heath Road, London, E.2; C.C.W. Productions (Ingle Kits), Ltd., Bridle Path, Watford, Herts. Clevedon Joinery Works, Old Street, Clevedon, Somerset (Arvon furniture); Dawsons (Seating), Ltd., 32-44 Curnock Street, London, N.W.1; Espresso Screwdriver Furniture, 62 Carter Lane, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4; Jack Freedland (1957), Ltd., Oak Mills, Farnworth, nr. Bolton, Lancs (Kit-Pak furniture); Furni-kit, Ltd., 29 Wrights Lane, London, W.8; Hollidge & Co., Bridge Works, Wick Lane, London, E.3; Peerless Built-In Furniture, Western Avenue, Perivale, Greenford, Middx; U-Fit Supplies, Finsbury Court, Finsbury Pavement, London, E.C.2; Wren Craft Furniture, Ltd., Wellington Crescent, New Malden, Surrey.

Will it be war over Israel?

by FRANCIS WILLIAMS

A barbed wire view of the Mount of Olives symbolizes the ring of hate round Israel. As our troops quit Jordan she's alone against the Arabs

WE stood on a hill in Jerusalem. "There is Bethlehem," said my friend. I followed his pointing finger and found myself looking into the black ring of a machine-gun barrel.

Under the blazing sun the Arab soldier crouching behind it stared back without movement. In the clear light he and his companions on the roof top looked even nearer than they were. Their menace was unmistakable.

We were on the wrong side of the frontier which zig-zags like a crazy jig-saw through this city, sacred to three great religions. Arab-Jewish hostility was a drawn sword between us and the birthplace of Christ.

Israel is no bigger than Wales, but it is shaped like a dagger 260 miles long, seventy miles across at the wide part of the blade, twelve at the hand grip. And practically every Arab, irrespective of his other opinions, thinks it is a dagger pointed at the heart of the Arab world.

This was just as true of the right-wing, pro-British Nuri Al Said when I talked to him shortly before his murder by the Baghdad mob as it is of Colonel Nasser. I have heard exactly the same sentiments on the lips of ragged, heavily armed nomads on the borders of Kurdistan as on those of city-bred "intellectuals" from the cafés of Cairo or Damascus.

Egypt, Syria, Jordan, Iraq, Lebanon, Saudi Arabia, Yemen—in each of them fly the storm signals of crisis for an area which embraces one of the most menacing conglomerations of competing big power interests on earth. And in the centre of them, ringed by four of them, hated by all, lies Israel.

Unless the hatred is removed there can be no hope of peace in the Middle East. I believe it can be ended. But only by a bold international act which will transform the Israeli economy, and in so doing cut away the tap root of fear on which Arab hatred daily feeds.

Although the recommendations made by Mr. Hammarskjold, the Secretary-General of the United Nations, may temporarily reduce tension there they do not touch the central issue. It was pinpointed by Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick, former Permanent Head of the Foreign Office, at the time of the Lebanon and Jordan crisis and the revolt in Iraq.

"Those," he said, "who exhort us to come to terms with Arab nationalism should remember that this can be done effectively only if we are prepared to throw Israel to the wolves."

The Kremlin line

That puts the problem in its most extreme terms. But as every responsible leader in Israel knows, Mr. Khruschev, at any rate, has already made up his mind that Israel is expendable. Russia backed Zionism when it seemed likely to cause bad blood between Britain and America. Now the Soviet leaders are ready to cut Israel's throat to show the Arabs how much they love them.

In these circumstances, the people of Israel might be expected to be harassed and anxious. The contrary is the case.

This is true, not only of the leaders, but of the ordinary people in the streets of Tel Aviv or Jerusalem, in the fields of the agricultural settlements or on the great new development projects of the Negev—that arid region with its stony deserts and fantastically coloured mountain ranges, which makes up half the entire territory of this ten-year-old country. Like the British after Dunkirk, Israelis have come to terms with danger.

In the *kibbutzim*, the communal settlements where all property is collectively owned and money has no place in everyday life, keeping guard at night against raiding parties is as much a part of the ordinary business of the settlement as it was of the American pioneers pushing out into Indian territory with their covered wagons.

"When you hear a rustle in the bushes you cock your rifle," said a young Jew from Glasgow. "But since the Sinai Campaign there haven't been so many rustles."

This explains why nobody in Israel is interested in discussing the ethics of the Sinai Campaign. The morality of launching an attack without warning does not concern them. Survival is the governing law.

Their only regret is that British and French intervention came so quickly that it clouded the full impact of their success. If British and French intervention was premeditated it was due to an error of judgment on the part of the Israelis. They were not sure they could win on their own.

Now they are—unless, of course, the build-up of Soviet arms in Egypt and Syria leaves them too far behind. For the moment they feel safe. They can get on with the job of building their country..

Already they have done a job that is without parallel in any other country, in this or any other time.

"Don't you bother with that," said my refugee Polish taxi driver in Tel Aviv, as we drove past a great new housing estate. "More bigger and newer farther on."

More bigger and newer farther on. That is the impetus that drives everyone in Israel.

In ten years they have built more than 450 new towns and villages, brought more than half a million acres of "unusable" land into cultivation.

Desert development

The speed of development is fantastic. I went to a new town that the General Federation of Labour, the Histadrut, is building. A month or two ago the site was nothing but sand. Now a thriving community with its own light industries, its big co-operative store, its health centre, its community hall is in being.

Along the dusty highroad to Beersheba and the new port of Eilat, Israel's gateway to Africa and the Far east, the old and the new are vividly presented.

To the right spread fields and trees, the farm buildings and pretty painted houses of a well-established kibbutz, as green and pleasant looking as a Surrey hillside, brimming with activity.

To the left the sun-scorched desert falls away to an ancient waterhole around which a tribe of bedouins cluster with their black tents, their rags, their camels and their veiled women.

But if the material achievement is remarkable the human is more astounding.

To this tiny strip of land there have flocked during the past ten years nearly

when

you

stop

to

think

there's nothing like a long Martell

THE LONG DRINK WITH GINGER ALE OR SODA

Make friends with **MARTELL**

COGNAC BRANDY AT ITS BEST

Will it be war over Israel?

continued from page 19

a million Jews from four continents and more than seventy countries. And still they come. The flow is lessening—but there were more than 70,000 last year.

They include some of the most highly educated and technically advanced products of sophisticated industrial civilizations in the world—and some of the most backward, most primitive people on earth. Scientists, technicians, doctors, lawyers, writers, business men have worked—are still working—with their hands alongside men and women from the villages and ghettos of Africa and Asia who had never seen a machine until they came to Israel.

To a more intense degree even than America at the height of the immigration waves of the last century, Israel is a melting pot of nations. Out of this diverse mixture of wholly differing backgrounds, living standards and ways of life there has been created a community more consciously at one than any I have come across elsewhere. Of course there are some strains. And they may well grow. But at the moment they seem relatively unimportant.

Disregard of gain

There are no large incomes and the gap between the highest and the lowest is small. Disregard of personal wealth frequently reaches extraordinary lengths by the standards that rule in most communities—including, certainly, most Jewish communities elsewhere.

But can this extraordinary combination of idealism, hard work, technical expertise, martial spirit and racial mysticism make Israel stand on its own feet economically?

Despite all the hard work the plain fact is that Israel is not yet paying its way. The country's budget balances only because of the money that flows in as gifts from Jews in America and, to a lesser extent, Britain, and because it is now receiving substantial reparations payments from Germany. No doubt the gifts will continue. But the reparations end in 1960.

Possibly things would be different if Israel did not have to spend so much on defence. But can she live at peace with her neighbours?

To the Arab world the face of Israel is still one of menace. More than 930,000 refugees are living symbols of that menace—730,000 of them crammed along Israel's borders in Jordan and the Gaza strip. Israel has offered to recompense them. But she will not let them return. Even if she would, she could not absorb them economically. And she dare not take the security risk. For eight years they have been wards of the United Nations, but the United Nations has done very little about them.

Yet until some future is offered to them, there is no hope of permanent peace in the Middle East.

And over and beyond their fate lies the shadow of an even bigger question mark.

Israel's frontiers are still open. The Law of the Return, the promise that Israel will offer a home to every Jew in the world who seeks it, is at the heart of the Jewish dream that built this land. It was written into the Declaration of Independence. To abandon it would be regarded as a betrayal of everything that Israel stands for.

Yet can this tiny land, which cannot yet support its present populatio . from its own resources, keep its frontie.s open without bursting at the seams? Must it not, by the very nature of its purpose, become in time an expansionist state seeking to conquer yet more Arab territory?

I believe that an answer could be given that would end Arab fears. But only if we think in terms, not of a Jewish answer, nor an Arab one, but of a world answer.

My belief is based on these facts.

It is true that Israel cannot out of her own resources and within the confines of her existing territory support at present her two million population. It is even more true that, at her present rate of development, she could not support a further big increase in population. And there are at least another four million Jews—including three million in Russia—who it is believed would like to come to Israel.

But the evidence of these ten years has shown that, given the tools to do the job, Jewish scientific genius and skill, Jewish idealism, Jewish hard work could still further develop this arid strip of land out of all recognition.

More than six hundred new industrial enterprises are planned over the next five years. But the rate of industrialization could be speeded up three or four times on the basis of the techniques already developed—if the capital were there to do it.

The raw materials in the twisted mountains of the Negev and 1,250 feet below sea level on the shores of the Dead Sea have even yet scarcely been scratched.

The search for oil has already begun. Twenty-three producing wells have been sunk. So far the output is small. But nobody knows what reservoirs may yet be there to be discovered if a real search could be financed.

Israel's two great needs are water and power. The Jordan—Negev irrigation project alone aims at diverting 320 million cubic metres of water from the River Jordan to irrigate the potentially fertile lands of the Southern Negev. But at the present rate of capital investments it will take many years before it can be completed.

Moreover, there are two staggering projects on which Jewish science is now working. One is for turning salt water into fresh water. Already at the Negev Institute for Arid Zone Research at Beersheba which I visited, progress has been made in a pilot project to turn the salt water from the wells in this area into fresh water for irrigation.

I saw a solar turbine built by London-born Israeli physicist, Harry Tabor, which has already virtually solved, on a small scale, what has always in the past been the one insurmountable problem in the way of using the sun's power—the inability to store solar heat because of loss through radiation.

Fresh water from the sea, power from the sun—here could be the gateway to advances of the most far reaching importance, to Israel and to the rest of the world. Israel has already gone far. But she has not gone far enough. She cannot, with her present resources alone, hope to do so—nor hope to kill the Arab fear of an Israel that will be forced to take more territory to live.

With international investment backed by the United Nations through the World Bank I believe that she could.

Such loans would have to be accompanied by two guarantees. One is an absolute guarantee from Israel that under no circumstances would she seek to alter her frontiers.

The second is that all the knowledge gained by the developments thus financed would be made freely available to every other country in the Middle East. A special U.N. Agency for doing this would have to be set up.

Such a plan could strike at the root of the continuing fear and hatred of Israel by the Arab nations. It would not end hostility overnight. But it does provide a basis on which Israel and her neighbours could live together—perhaps the only possible basis.

It would cost a good deal of money. But the bill would be less than that for even a small war. THE END

SELF-CONTROL—I

The use of self-control is like the use of brakes on a train. It is useful when you find yourself going in the wrong direction, but merely harmful when the direction is right.

Bertrand Russell

Summing up

Immediately after Mr. Franks had told the defendant the time, Members of the Jury, he found his wallet had gone; but before he could take any action the defendant ran off. Now his explanation of his sudden departure is that he was worried to learn that it was so late as his grandmother would be waiting for him to take her to the pictures.

When he was asked why, then, he was picked up in the bar of the Greyhound, he said he had gone in only to ask the way. You will remember that when I asked him why he did not know where his grandmother lived he said she was always moving and added pathetically: "It's worse than being a grasshopper's grandson."

His explanation of having actually been in possession of the wallet was that he found it lying in the street and took charge of it, intending to take it to the police station directly it opened next morning. Cross-examined, he was surprised that police stations did not keep the same hours as shops.

In evidence, the landlord of the Greyhound said the defendant tried to sell him the wallet, saying it had been left him by his grandmother. Now you have seen his alleged grandmother. . . .

R. G. G. PRICE

Take A Letter

The boss is never known to vary:
He dictates to his secretary
While, lion-like, he's busy pacing
The office floor, and either facing
The wall, and in a muted tone
Confiding to the wood and stone
Or resolutely standing by
The window, talking to the sky.
And meanwhile, hands in pockets, he's
Jangling clips and coins and keys
Or tearing paper into scraps
Or drumming out some pencil taps
Or cracking knuckles as he twitches
Or fiddling with the buzzer switches.
If asked, he'd tell you, and not blink,
It calms his nerves, it helps him think—
Though all of this would not appear
To help his secretary hear.

RICHARD ARMOUR

In short

Long Trousers

Why do men wear long trousers?
To keep their legs warm.
Are ladies' legs warm already?
Yes.
Are they born with warmer legs?
Of course not. They just get used to wearing skirts.
Why do they *start* wearing them?
So that people can see their pretty legs.
Miss Horsfall in Daddy's office has pretty legs, hasn't she?
Has she?
Yes, don't you remember, Daddy said so, and you said it was only her new skirt and she'd probably get pneumonia as well. Why did you think Miss Horsfall would get pneumonia, Mummy? I said why did you think Miss Horsfall. . . .
I can't remember.
Don't men bother too much about showing their legs?
Not too much.
Because they're a bit peculiar?
That's it.
Are men's legs peculiar before they start wearing long trousers, or is it the trousers that make them peculiar?
I don't know. You'll have to ask Daddy.
Do you wish you wore trousers?
Not really. I prefer a skirt.
Because it shows more of your legs?
Partly. It's more lady-like.
Miss Horsfall is tremendously lady-like, isn't she, Mummy? I said that Miss Horsfall is tremendously lady-like. . . .

LIONEL DAVIDSON

Careless Youth

Youth is a wealthy spendthrift—flings his chances,
Made reckless by good fortune, down the drain.
Later, when life grows niggard of romances
And he must be a sitter-out at dances,
What would he give to win those melting glances
He disregarded in his morning fancies?
If only I were twenty-five again!

FRANCIS NEWBOLD

Jafe stopped. From the harsh brush came a wild cow and her calf. Clearly these beasts could prosper in hell

The baby was dying. To save it he must risk his

Take care of them

by **WILLIAMS FORREST**

ILLUSTRATED BY FANCETT

He crawled closer to the door of the kitchen so that he could hear better. He was sure that he had heard his mother say that Sissy Sue, the baby, would die unless they got more milk. His mother and his gran were in the kitchen. They were sitting by the fire and Gran was rocking in her chair, probably lulling the fretting baby.

Jafe's room was the covered porch between the two fully enclosed rooms of the dog-run house. Behind him was the bedroom where his mother slept with Sissy Sue, and where his father had slept too before he went away to the war to kill Yankees.

The Texas night was clear and cold, and Jafe kept his blanket around him as he listened. His two dogs, Faithful and Reata, uncurled and moved up close to him as if to comfort him.

"I can't understand why I'm dry," his mother was saying again, as if she couldn't get enough of blaming herself for what she couldn't help. "Ma, you know how long I nursed Jafe."

The creak of Gran's chair, on and on, fiercely. "A woman changes. It just can't be helped when that happens."

And his mother was repeating again, with a soft fear that would not allow the subject to be closed. "And the drouth. We got the drouth, and the cows won't give milk. It don't seem right. She's so sweet, such a sweet baby."

Gran said sternly, too sternly, concealing her feelings: "The home cows allas goes dry when the earth do."

"Oh, God," cried his mother.

"Now, now," Gran said, rocking, "now, now," and she was crooning, as if she was rocking them both, her daughter and her pretty little granddaughter with the golden hair.

Jafe rubbed his eyes with his knuckles, threw off the blanket and put on his short jacket and boots. He walked out into the moonlight, below the hills, seeing the milky feet of the rocks and the dark spread of the chaparral to the west. The dogs trotted beside him, gambolling now.

Jafe began to run, goaded by a sense of responsibility. Panting, he stopped by the corral, leaning on the rail, watching the horse and the mule.

Now he was angry; and indeed, he thought, he had a right to be. He was the man of the house, by his father's wish, and they had no right, those women, to talk about big awful things when he was supposed to be asleep. They should have brought him in and consulted with him, as his father would have wanted them to. He was thirteen years old, and had been charged with running this place and protecting everybody until his pa helped win the war. They had no right to keep a secret from the man of the house.

Then he put his forehead against the rough cool of the wood, calling himself many kinds of a fool. He should have known what was going on without having to snake over and listen at the door. Sissy Sue had been looking right pale lately, and when he bent over her cradle, she didn't laugh as quickly as she used to, and when he gave her his finger to wrestle with, she pulled it down hungrily to suck, her blue eyes staring at him like little pools of water under the morning sky.

But he hadn't known. He didn't know much about babies, and his own belly was full enough. He should have thought more about it when he saw Gran setting off to call on the neighbours. He'd hitch up the old mule to the wagon for her, and she'd give him a kiss and start out. At first, she always had milk when she came back. But he had noticed that she had less and less each time, and had noticed that something in her had broken. He had seen all that, but it had not meant too much to him.

Now he turned away from the corral and walked towards the thickets. If he was a real man, he would have known that Gran was out begging milk, and that probably the neighbours were as bad off as they were. And the milk was important, it seemed.

He trembled, remembering the way it had been the day before Pa went away.

"Now, women get sort of skittery," Pa had said, "and I'm relyin' on you."

"I'll take care of 'em, I swear to all beat hell."

Pa grinned. But he said: "Don't suppose cussin' makes a man."

Jafe felt low, and took his pa's hand shyly. "I do swear, Pa, without cussin', I'll take care of them."

The voice wrapped all around him, soft and powerful and brave and sure: "Now you just do that. You just do that."

Jafe remembered, and was fearful. If Pa came home and didn't find Sissy Sue, his quiet eyes would fall on Jafe, and even if he didn't say anything, Jafe would die forever.

He was walking, and the dogs were nosing along. Then they were abreast of the thickets, and stood silent, while Jafe glanced at the moon and wondered if his pa was looking at it too. Then there was the breaking of brush, a stirring in the wind, a wild scent, and an eager shaking in the dogs. Automatically, Jafe calmed them, with a word like a hush of breath, with a hand laid on Reata, the more intractable.

From the harsh brush, tangled and thorned, a wild cow came. And following her was a shaggy calf, stilt-legged but strong with the stringy awkwardness of the Spanish cattle.

Jafe saw the gaunt outlines of the beast that could turn life back again into the body of Sissy Sue. Yes, it was true, the home cows melted in the drouth, but the wild cows of the ancient Spanish could have lived in hell and prospered.

So great was his emotion that he gave a

life . . . in a trial of strength with the wild ones

Here's a way to blow our trumpet

I WISH I could find the time to travel to Rome. I shall regret for the remainder of my life not being there to see a Pope buried with all the ancient, splendid rites and pomp, and to see a new Pope enthroned.

However, television made it possible, in a most wonderful way, for millions of us to be spectators of an occasion which, until this age, was watched only by a privileged few.

Television, too, has enabled us to sit in our own homes and see the Queen open Parliament. Again, what superb and splendid pageantry!

I lose what little patience I have when I hear dreary levellers talking about "medieval mummery" and "ridiculous survivals in a jet age," and seeing, in such occasions as the State Opening of Parliament or next week's Lord Mayor's Show, only something slightly ridiculous, smacking of mothballs.

It may seem strange today to see a splendidly robed Lord Mayor step from a gilded coach—as strange as seeing some plastic pixie-like creature arrive on a flying saucer. But then my Lord Mayor *is* from another world. The Past. And it is this that makes us need him.

I don't think it is at all a bad thing for space-obsessed small boys, itching to be shot off to the moon, to be reminded on at least one day of the year that we also have had a glorious past.

I have always found boundless delight in pageantry, pomp and ritual. I am quick to tears. There is always a lump in my throat when I listen to the chanting of choirs in candle-lit chapels, when trumpets ring out at the climax of some glorious occasion of State.

Nothing has pleased me more than to play a minor part on splendid occasions. I have never been grand enough to serve my King or Queen, but I have been delighted to serve, in a humble way, the churches to which I have belonged.

They were incensed!

When three African bishops came to sing High Mass in King's Chapel, Cambridge, I secured for myself the job of burning the incense. And, by heavens, I burned it.

There had been nothing like it since the Reformation. Great fragrant clouds billowed everywhere—and hung about for days, to the fury of Low Churchmen.

In my eagerness to play a part, however humble, I undertook, when I was an undergraduate, to be responsible for the opening of the church of St. Edward, King and Martyr, for a special Sunday service. The key of the church was kept by the then Dean of Pembroke, who later became Bishop of Ely.

Alas, I was very forgetful. On two occasions I had to wake the dean very early on Sunday morning. When I found that I had forgotten the key once more, I felt that I dare not rouse the good man again.

I knew that he always kept the church key in his trouser pocket. Most foolishly, I decided to tip-toe into his bedroom and find it for myself while he still slept.

I was searching agitatedly through the dean's pockets when he suddenly awoke. It was the most embarrassing moment of my life.

"Surely, Harding," he said slowly, yawning, "you haven't forgotten that key for a third time?"

Even then my enthusiasm for assisting in and, if that were impossible, being a spectator at occasions ecclesiastical was not damped in the slightest.

If I cannot go to Rome, or stand in the street to see the Queen go by on her glittering way to open Parliament, I am glued to my television set.

History runs to time

It is certainly beyond my powers of self-analysis to say why I delight in seeing a young Queen, glimpsed in a fairy-tale gilt coach, in hearing martial music and watching a pageant unfold.

But rejoice in it I certainly do.

Perhaps one of the sources of my pleasure lies in seeing, in an imperfect world, when we cannot even get the trains to run on time, something done superbly, with ancient certainty.

I must admit that my rejoicing is often tempered by irritation when I have an urgent appointment and some great procession puts London's traffic into worse chaos than usual.

I can see no reason why the Lord Mayor of London should not pass through his city on a Saturday instead of on a busy working day. I believe that this change may be made next year. I'm all for it.

But I could do without those decorated floats in the procession, and all the strange activities that smack offensively of commercialism or propaganda. The coach, brewery horses and bands, these appeal to the child there is, I hope, in every one of us.

Then why not let them parade on a Saturday, when schoolchildren will be free to come and cheer? I hope that children everywhere were allowed by their teachers to see the Queen going to Parliament; that was the very stuff of history.

These pageants are glorious on television. How drab, dreadful and underrehearsed men of puff-ball notoriety like me must appear in comparison! And what a pleasant, peaceful change they are after the usual screenful of dead Indians.

Read Gilbert Harding's forthright views on school and homework NEXT WEEK

I'll take care of them

continued from previous page

cry and staggered forward as if to grasp the animal by the gigantic spread of horns and wrestle it home; and the dogs joined him with snarls and snapping jaws. The cow and her calf hurtled into the thicket, and Jafe recognized his madness. The beasts were particularly wild at night, instinctively hated a person on foot and sometimes would charge.

Jafe knew also that vaqueros were wise enough to brave the scratching brush rather than attempt to run down and rope an animal at night, even on a clear night, when roping was incredibly difficult and bad spills were more dangerous than bumping into a tree in the daylight in the thicket.

Breathing hard, he looked at the empty place where the cow had been. He must be a vaquero; he must capture a wild cow for Sissy Sue.

His mother was waiting for him on the porch, waiting in the way that he disliked but could not describe. She waited for Jafe, though, as if she didn't think he could find his way at night or might not come home at all because of foolishness or his age.

"I want you should go in and sleep in the kitchen with Gran," she said. "It's so cold."

Now he didn't feel cold at all; he was warmed with his plan. "I'd rather sleep here," he said, patiently, holding back his irritation. Pa understood his need to have a place of his own and be alone. He and Pa had never talked about it, they wouldn't have known how—but he could tell by the way Pa acted that he understood there was something special about the porch, and the open sky and prairie all around.

"I just don't want you gettin' sick," said Ma.

"Don't reckon I will." Behind her, the cracks of the door of her room showed yellow in the roof shadows. Ma had been using a lot of candles lately; and now he supposed it was because she wanted to be able to see Sissy Sue's face any time during the darkness, to reassure herself.

When she was gone, he stripped down to his long underwear and got under the blankets. The dogs got on the bed and circled around and around, grunting and moaning, until they were comfortable. Then the night was deep and silent, except within Jafe.

He'd love to go in and tell Ma about his plan, that he would save Sissy Sue, but he couldn't. She was as afraid of the wild ones as he was, and with as good a reason; or a better reason, because after all she was only a woman.

In his bed, he worried about his fear. He felt within himself something of his mother, something fragile that looked like her. And he knew that Granpa's death had affected him almost as deeply as it had affected her.

They both remembered seeing Granpa going across the prairie on the five-foot horns of the wild Spanish bull. They could hear Granpa's screams on the ghostly grey days before spring that were like the one on which he had taken a long time dying.

When Jafe awoke at dawn, he felt cold and stiff, and he thought the day looked mean. This was the morning when he must go hunting in the brush for the sake of Sissy Sue, and to keep his promise to his pa. He was glad that he had chores to do, putting off the evil hour. He built up the fire so big and hot that Gran grumbled, although she it was who loved big strong fires.

When he tried to eat his corn bread and bacon, he couldn't. His throat was too small and too dry. But the strong black coffee went down fine, and the warmth spread through him.

He tried not to look at Sissy Sue, but his eyes kept going back to her. And it seemed to him that her pretty neck, that had been getting so strong, was weaker and her head was tipping sideways with a coyness that came from sickness and was not because she was a small girl.

She put her arms up to him, slowly, and he went and picked her up. She gurgled. Her pale blue eyes looked at him. He knew he was going to the brush. . . .

He wasn't afraid of the thorns or the tangles of branches, although many a man had been badly hurt or killed by them. He didn't even care that he had no chaps to protect his legs and waist; no *tapaderos*, toe-fenders, on his stirrups, no ducking jacket to protect his arms and torso, and no gauntlets to protect his hands and wrists; he couldn't have got Pa's without Ma seeing him. He was afraid of what he would confront in the thickets: the long curved horns of the wild ones.

The dogs and Boz were trembling; he saw the panting of the dogs quivering in their narrow chests. In their way, as hunters, they knew what was to come—and their nervousness was of eagerness, not of fear, he knew. As for himself, he was so sick and dizzy, he thought he was going to vomit and fall from the saddle.

Into the thickets they went, and the open world closed behind them.

It wasn't long before the dogs were running something towards him. Jafe's chest was breaking from inner strain. Nearer and nearer, the brush popped. And then to his horror a huge bull appeared and Boz took over the running of it, the dogs yapping on both sides.

Boz needed no orders now, he was a brush horse who knew his business. Jafe hauled on the reins; but Boz fought furiously to go on with his work. Branches with their spiny twigs were bent and lashed back.

Plunging they went, as if the brush didn't exist. In a few minutes, Jafe was streaming with blood and his pants were in shreds. New wounds were opened on Boz's scars, but the horse did not care. He had been raised to the brush.

Lean, tall, with long legs and the agility of an antelope, the bull went, breaking through with power and the cutting force of his huge spread horns. His neck made sweeping motions, more fierce than the fighting Spanish bulls from which he was descended. And Boz pursued, coming closer, forcing near, to give his rider a chance to use the rope.

Jafe never knew how long they ran, minutes or hours; but suddenly they broke from the edge of the thickets into a weird and shocking scene. Boz drew up, almost catapulting Jafe from the saddle. The dogs followed the bull, giving immense tongue from their thin breasts. The bull kept on, into the bog where others of his kind were standing, body deep in the mud where water holes had been.

The momentum of the bull broke, and he stood motionless. The dogs footed it out of the ooze and stood on the bank watching the bull. At least twenty animals were in the bog, making no movement and no sound. The bull sank until his body sustained him on the mud. Then he was fixed there like the others, the mud sucking and filling around him until he was held as stationary as if he was in stone. Jafe had heard of this, although he had never seen it. The animals would go to their accustomed water holes, and if they were dry, they would walk into the mud and wait, as if for some kind of help, or as if in disbelief. And then the mud would hold them and there they would die.

Jafe could not look upon it. He turned Boz to the thicket. The dogs followed. He could not have guided them back, so he gave them the lead, and slowly this time, they went through the thicket until at length he saw the smoke lifting from the chimney of the house. The horse and dogs started for the house, without high spirits, and he sat broken, bleeding in the saddle, his cuts stinging, his body feeling weak and thin.

I can't do it, Pa, he thought; I can't do it.

When he was still some distance away, approaching the house from the west, toward's Boz's corral, he saw dust

and then the wagon came up, and Gran got off in front of the house.

Jafe held Boz to the spot; and the dogs sat and regarded him inquiringly. He didn't doubt that Gran had been out to the Dahls, who were nearest, foraging for milk. And he could tell that she hadn't got it.

As he sat his horse, he realized the worst thing that a boy could understand: he knew he was a child. In a searing moment, he knew that if he went home, he would cry, and they would use some precious water to bathe his wounds—and he knew he would be glad when they ordered him never to run the brush again. He turned back to the thickets, to wait in hiding for the hours of the thin moon. . . .

JAFE thought it must be about eleven o'clock. Out on the prairie were a cow and a calf. Other cattle, and other animals, had passed, but he had waited. And now he was glad he had. This cow was rugged in the way of all the wild ones, in the way she moved and was wary, but she had more body to her than most, and her calf looked sleek.

The calf, to take the calf was the thing. Pa would have thought about that right away, and wouldn't have bothered thinking about roping the cow, a desperate idea on the dark prairie. Jafe remembered hearing that the wild cows had loyal hearts, as fierce and strong as their bodies. Where the calf went, the cow would go, and without herding or a rope. Of course, in the corral, milking might be difficult.

He spurred, and off they went, the dogs giving howl. Instantly, the cow and calf were moving towards the thicket, but Jafe yelled to the dogs, and the dogs rushed in, and the cow and calf turned to the open prairie.

With Jafe's knees telling him which animal to pick, Boz larruped down on that calf, and Jafe's loop sang out and

SELF-CONTROL—2

He is strong who conquers others; he who conquers himself is mighty.

Lao-Tsze

settled across the shoulders and came tight, with Boz squatting so short and sharp that the calf rolled in the dust. The calf was up fast, and the rope drew taut. Jafe thought the cow was going to charge him, but Faithful and Reata were rushing in, with narrow snapping jaws, worrying the beast's legs.

Boz was set off towards his corral, dragging the calf. Jafe didn't see the calf bend his knees once during the whole trip. Stiff-legged, he ploughed furrows all the way. Jafe whistled in the dogs, and the alarmed cow followed her calf, about twenty yards away.

As Jafe had suspected, Ma and his Gran were waiting. They were down by the corral by the time he got there. He hauled the calf in, and tied it to a post. They had brought the mule in, and he drove it out of the corral, ahead of Boz. He ordered his mother and Gran to move away from the corral, taking the dogs with them.

Senselessly, his mother argued. "You near to killed us, wonderin' about you. Jafe, what're you doin'?"

Gran said: "You never mind. Let's take these dogs up to the house and shet them in."

Ma started to say more, but Gran pulled her away, slapping the reluctant dogs until they obeyed her and followed. Jafe picketed Boz and the mule about fifty yards from the corral, then sat in the shadow to wait. On the other side of the corral, he saw two figures approach in the moonlight, Gran and Ma, and he waved them back. Gran took Ma's arm and they stopped where they were.

Cautiously, the cow came nearer. It lowed and the calf answered. Then with a rush, the wild cow entered the corral and began to nuzzle her offspring. Jafe ran as lightly as he could and shut the corral gate. He stood there with his heart pounding with triumph.

The rest was simple: he mounted Boz, and rode around the corral until he got a clear shot with his loop. Then he hauled the cow against the fence and fastened her to a post.

Gran's voice was hard and clear. "Make her so she can't do no kickin'," and she handed him pegging strings she had brought from the porch. In a few minutes he had the cow's legs tied together.

He looked to his mother for praise, and then was ashamed of himself. She was not looking at him, but at the cow, and in the moonlight her face was soft and radiant in a way he hadn't seen it since he went in her room after Sissy Sue was born and saw her with the baby nursing in her arms. Between two hands, she held a container.

Gruffly, he said: "Ma, maybe she's too scared now." She said nothing. He said, with bravado—"If she ain't got enough I'll get us some more."

She did not seem to hear. She opened the gate and went in, walking carefully, as if approaching something she didn't quite believe was there. Then she began to speak to the cow and touch it. Jafe had never known anyone could be as gentle as his mother was then. He knew no breaking was expected of him, and he didn't think he could do this better than his ma.

The eyes of the animals shone, wary and too bright. The deep fires in them seemed to grow softer, as Ma went from one to the other and spoke and touched. Jafe was sure he saw true love; a love that came from Sissy Sue and her helplessness and touched these animals because they could help.

It was hard for him to watch something like this, and Gran seemed to understand. She led him to the house. "We'll jus' leave her be; that's what we'll do."

She washed his wounds, and suddenly, through the pain, he knew she was being as delicate with him as his mother was with the beasts. Sternly he said: "Reckon we shouldn't use too much of that water on me."

She did not answer. And then she served his supper to him. He sensed a difference in the way it was done; it was served as it used to be to Pa, with Gran standing to see if he was satisfied.

Ma came in, with a container of milk. She put it on the table and sat before it, with that strange radiant look on her face. "I let them loose in the corral," she said. "So's they could be together."

For a second, Jafe was angry; she did not praise him or scold him for his accomplishment or for the danger he had faced.

"More coffee?" asked Gran.

"Sure," he said.

When it was placed before him, Ma dropped a little of the milk in it. He was about to protest when he found her eyes against his; and the look in them was such that his tongue would not move.

MA got up and quietly left the room, returning shortly with Sissy Sue; and Gran poured milk into a cup. Slowly, Sissy Sue came awake in the warm room, and her eyes fell on Jafe almost at once. He felt a touch on his arm, and it was Gran, handing him the cup.

He knew what was expected of him, what they were giving him, and it was almost more than he could bear. He took the cup to Sissy Sue, and helped her drink. The milk touched her dry lips, and after a moment she began to drink greedily. Her hand closed on his finger that was through the handle of the cup, and he could have sworn a new feeling of strength was in her grip, although it was too soon for it to be true.

When Sissy Sue was finished, he felt an embarrassing elation, and could not look at anyone. He picked up his own cup and left the kitchen. Cup in hand, he stood on his porch and looked out on the night. The dogs came and moved around him. Boz was standing against his rope in the moonlight. The mule was staked near him. The wind was cold.

I am a vaquero, he thought quietly. And it seemed perfectly natural to be a man.

THE END

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LOOK AHEAD with PERCY THROWER

A splash of winter colour — in a pot

Your indoor plants can keep their glory for months—if you put them in a jacket of pebbles or peat

AZALEAS, cyclamen, winter-flowering begonias, cinerarias, primulas and ericas—these are the favourites among the potted plants which are coming into their own again, now that cut flowers are getting more expensive.

Theoretically, azaleas should bloom for about three weeks; cyclamen, begonias and cinerarias for about four weeks; primulas for a month or more, and ericas for several months. Azaleas, cyclamen and ericas will flower again the following year if bedded outdoors in the spring.

However, the potted plant put so proudly in the front room can lose its flowers disappointingly quickly.

Are fertilizers the secret of lasting colour? Not entirely; plants need very little feeding in winter.

Moist—and warm

The real answer is to remember that the plants have come from a greenhouse that was reasonably warm, sunny and humid. Their future health depends on your skill in continuing these conditions in your home.

Reproduce the humid atmosphere for the plant—and the plant alone—by finding a bowl or container several sizes wider and deeper than the pot in which the plant is growing. Put an inch or two of peat or moss in the bottom of the bowl, moisten it and place the pot on top. As long as the peat or moss remains damp, moisture will rise up round the plant.

A good substitute for peat or moss is two inches of fine pebbles or gravel. Pour in water up to just below the top of it.

Much depends on where you keep the plant. It should be in a warm room, well away from draughts, and on a well-lit window-sill. In the greenhouse, the plant had an overall sunbath. Therefore turn it round every day so that both sides of the plant get a share of direct light.

On frosty nights take the plant away from the sill, or the leaves and flowers may go limp with the cold.

How often to water? This depends on the room temperature, amount of light and so on. But if, after examining the top of the soil you are still doubtful, you can usually tell if the plant needs a drink by lifting up the pot and seeing if it feels unusually light. Another check, which I use myself, is to tap the side of the pot with the knuckles, or a key, or more generally a cotton reel on the end of a thin cane which we call a tapper. If the soil is dry there is a distinct ring; if it is still moist, the sound is dull.

How much water to give? Plants are not as thirsty in winter as in summer; over-watering denies the roots the air that they need. If a cyclamen is over-watered, the young buds and leaves in the crown of the plant will fail to develop and the flowering period will be shortened.

Enough to fill the inch to half-inch space between the top of the soil and the rim of the pot is a reliable guide to the amount of liquid to give.

If you feel that fertilizer is needed, add it to the water every three or four weeks, according to the maker's instructions. Fertilizers must never be given to plants if the soil is very dry. Water the plant first, and after allowing the water to drain away give it the fertilizer dissolved and diluted in water, again filling the pot to the top.

A tent to guard your shrubs

Your hydrangeas need care at this time of year. The buds for next summer's blossoms have been forming during the late summer and early autumn. This is the reason why hydrangeas should not be pruned in the autumn, winter or spring: also, it is why the buds must have protection from frost.

If yours is a cold or exposed district, fix a screen of sacking round each shrub, a few inches away from the branches. Do this by pushing some strong sticks or canes into the soil and tying the sacking to them.

Except in extreme cold, the top of the "tent" can be left open, or the buds may suffer from excessive damp. Depending on the severity of the weather, hydrangeas need this protection from November through to April.

Who's behind your front door?

continued from page 11

enthusiasm. Many seem to hear on a sort of street "grapevine" that a handout will shortly be made in their area. They make a point of staying at home until they get it, and will even scout up and down the street before going out.

Samples are accepted when the recipient has no immediate use for them. "I'll take it, even though I have no teeth," said one old lady offered a complimentary tube of tooth-paste. "If it's good enough for teeth, it should clean my pie-dish."

If a doorstep caller gets no answer, it is natural to ask a neighbour when the householder will be back. This is responsible for a new and complicated classification of the British.

"From this point of view I classify people in three main sections," says a canvasser. "There are those who are talkative about their neighbours, those who are discreet about them, and those who won't say a word. But they subdivide again into people who like their neighbours and people who don't.

"Their reactions are complicated still further by whether they like the caller or not. If they like their neighbour, but distrust the man at the door, thinking perhaps he's a debt-collector, they won't give any information."

"You never know what you'll get when you inquire about a neighbour," says a woman interviewer. "But I am always surprised at the proportion—perhaps one in three over the country—who genuinely know almost nothing about their neighbours.

"This varies with the district—detached and semi-detached houses are clearly more remote than others. But even in terraces, and particularly in blocks of flats, there seems to be a remarkable lack of interest.

"At the same time, I never realized until I took up market research how many women don't get on with their neighbours and are dying to tell me, and how many admit: 'We've not been on speaking terms for years.' "

Veteran doorstep callers agree that since the war the British have become much more friendly towards them.

The warmest welcomes seem to be given in moments of excitement. A woman compiling answers to a questionnaire on kitchen appliances knocked at a Liverpool house, and a jubilant young husband urged her to come inside and see his wife. She was taken to the bedroom of a happy mother who had just had her first baby. "Before I left I had given the baby its bath," she said.

Very frequently indeed women offer refreshment to casual callers. "A surfeit of cups of tea is certainly one of our occupational risks," says a saleswoman.

Houses of hope

"People receive us with a sort of optimism nowadays," says another woman. "Often they assume we are either television interviewers or we are announcing a win on the pools or the premium bonds."

Modern housewives seem extremely resourceful even when mistakes are made. An interviewer asked at the front door for a woman whom she wanted to see, gave the maid her own name, and was told: "She's expecting you. Will you go up to the bathroom?"

The mystified caller, who had not yet met the woman, discovered that the housewife was expecting a friend with the same name as herself, whom the maid, a new girl, did not know personally. But the interview went off smoothly, in a cloud of steam.

Some errors lead to farcical situations. A woman delivering soap samples in Edinburgh walked up a garden path and found two women already waiting at the front door. A quiet-looking gentleman came out, kissed all three, and ushered them into a funeral gathering in the parlour. He could not recognize all his distant relatives, and took no chances with the soap distributor.

Because they're at home more, women answer the door much more frequently than men, and their moods vary with the intensity of any domestic crisis. Women are generally reckoned by doorstep callers to be bad-tempered on Monday mornings—which are still conventional washdays besides carrying the "hangover" of the weekend break of routine.

But every day has its harassing moment for some woman. "Immediately after she had torn me off a strip," said a public opinion pollster, "a housewife ran to the gate and said: 'You must think I'm an awful person, but I've had the sweep in and altogether it's been a terrible morning. Come in now and have a cup of tea.' "

Polls, quizzes and questionnaires are a feature of postwar life which demands more and more work on the knocker. Reports agree that the British are surprisingly willing to submit to these doorstep inquisitions, some of which take up a considerable time.

Interviewers find that women are generally honest, even about their ages. "Once they have passed thirty-two they do seem to have to think harder," says a male observer. "And they often say what they will be next birthday instead of what they are now."

Others, whose answers to previous questions make an interviewer suspect they will falsify their age, often fall for a mild confidence trick. "Let me see, I should put you at thirty-five" is a loaded remark which may well produce the flattered reply, "Do you really think so? I'm actually forty-four."

Hesitant husbands

Men householders are often reluctant to answer the door even when they are at home in the evening.

Many husbands hover behind a door listening to all that passes between a wife and an evening caller. "They probably mean to protect their wives from pressure," said a market researcher, "but often they end by contradicting her. A man will burst out and say: 'That's not true. Now my wages are really. . . .' On some occasions I would swear that it was the first time the wife really knew what her husband earned."

Men are frequently more factual than women. Wives tend to inflate their husband's position. "The streets of London are swept by local government officers and engineers," said one sarcastic statistician.

Some men are startlingly frank about their occupations. "Put me down as a professional burglar," said one. It was no joke—he was just out of Wormwood Scrubs.

The friendliest places in Britain—as summed up by seasoned doorstep callers—are said to be Wales and Northern England, "or wherever you go to the back door instead of the front," said one salesman. The worst belt seems to be the East Coast, including Scotland.

"There's something about the North Sea," sighs a market researcher. "My most terrible times have been in Montrose, Dundee and Scarborough."

London is unpopular with almost all doorstep callers. "It is stale, it has been 'done' too much," one explains. "London suburbs have a population which seems selfish, embittered, and with just no time for you." Birmingham has almost as grim a reputation. But the very worst pockets of all, by general consent, are cathedral towns—"always including Cheltenham," one salesman stipulates.

Most reliable of all, by professional agreement, are doctors' wives. At the other extreme are wives of junior officers in the army.

The horde of outdoor canvassers must go home sometime, and must take an occasional day off, though salesmen work long hours. What happens when it is *their* turn to answer the door?

"I shall never forget when I was selling washing-machines," says a woman. "The door was answered by a vacuum-cleaner salesman. After an hour I left with no sale. But I had bought a vacuum-cleaner."

THE END

The vicar makes a parable come true

Hugh Blackburne with some of his congregation. He gave each member £1; one returned £250, others nothing

by ROBERT HOLLES

Today his church is rolling in money—because he drew £512 out of the bank and gave it away

Elizabeth Venn and Barbara Rudkin used the vicar's money to put on a play. One woman backed horses, but the bookie welshed

THE idea struck Hugh Blackburne, Vicar of St. Mary's, Harrow-on-the-Hill, on a crisp Sunday morning in October, 1957. He had just finished giving communion and was strolling home through the churchyard.

Blackburne, a sandy-haired, faintly austere-looking man with a scholarly air of detachment, had been anxious for some time about an appeal for funds that he would shortly have to launch. The lease of the church mission hall, a gloomy building situated some distance away, had recently reverted to the electricity board.

Repair of dilapidations had cost the church £400. For years it had been Blackburne's ambition to build a new, attractive community centre where his congregation could meet socially.

In addition, the bells were due to be recast and their original oak frames, weakened by woodworm, replaced by metal ones. For some time the magnificent peal of St. Mary's, which frequently boomed and echoed a little too resoundingly through the vicarage for the comfort of Blackburne's family, had been silent.

The bells and the community room would cost about £9,000. There was only £1,000 in the church treasury. A further £5,000 had been assessed as necessary to get the work going.

Blackburne did not relish the idea of raising funds. A number of people would complain that the Church was always asking for money. He had to convince his congregation that support for their Church was an obligation, not merely an act of charity.

The parable of the talents occurred to him: *For the kingdom of heaven is as a man travelling into a far country, who called his own servants, and delivered unto them his goods. And unto one he gave five talents, to another two, and to another one; to every man according to his several ability; and straightway took his journey. Then he that had received the five talents went and traded with the same, and made them other five talents. And likewise he that had received two, he also gained other two. . . .*

The idea of putting the parable into effect for fund raising was not entirely new: it had been tried by other clergymen with varied success. But it suddenly came to Blackburne what he must do. He would actually enforce the parable. He would turn it into a challenge by giving a pound note to each of the 512 church members on his electoral roll, asking them to put it to work and add to it or bury it in the garden, as they pleased.

Blackburne found an immediate ally in one of his churchwardens, a placid bank inspector in his fifties, Ken Hollier. If Hollier's enthusiasm was anything to go by, the idea was already put into effect. But first Blackburne had to win the consent of the church finance committee, of which Hollier was the treasurer.

The committee wasn't easily convinced. One member said: "It's too much of a stunt." Others considered it too undignified for a place like Harrow. "Apart from that, Vicar," one of the shrewder members pointed out, "five hundred quid is a lot of money to take such a risk with."

Another member of the eight-man committee thought that the scheme would be sure to fail. "Whenever I get an appeal through the post," he said, "I put it straight in the waste basket."

Ken Hollier gently disengaged his pipe and declared: "This is different. Nobody ever put a pound note in the waste basket."

'It's a challenge'

The word appeal had grated unkindly on the vicar's ears. "It's not an appeal, gentlemen," he said patiently, "it's a campaign. It's a challenge."

The motion was put to the vote. It was carried unanimously.

A few weeks later the same motion was debated by a full committee meeting of the parochial church council. By this time the vicar, Hollier and a number of the parishioners were quite fired with the idea.

"Suddenly," says Hollier, reflecting on the event, "everybody seemed to realize that they were daring to give away £500 a few weeks before Christmas. They became very enthusiastic."

October had slipped into early December when little, vivacious Kit Redmayne, the vicar's part-time secretary, addressed 512 envelopes and pushed into each of them a folded £1 note. With each note went a letter explaining the scheme, which was scheduled to end on Lady Day in the following March.

In a tall, discreet house not far away from the church, Mrs. Dorothy Pettit—a dignified, grey-haired woman—pondered over her talent.

She had lived in Harrow a long time. Friends she had known had lived for years in the district, then drifted off to other towns and other countries. Surely they would still retain an affection for Harrow, and for St. Mary's. Thus reasoned Dorothy Pettit.

So she spent her talent on copies of

continued on page 41

MODERN MASTERPIECES

Selected and introduced by SIR JOHN ROTHENSTEIN

4 · GAUGUIN

A painter in search of the Garden of Eden

THERE are many different kinds of painting and of painters. The passion of some is for the visible world around them, and the spectacle of life as it goes by. Such was Renoir.

Others are no less close observers of the contemporary scene, but strive to make out of it compositions which satisfy the mind as well as the eye. Such were Degas and Seurat.

Other painters start from the contemplation of nature, but their painting evokes and gives form to an inner world of fantasies and dreams. Such was Paul Gauguin. He was the perpetual rebel. His effect on twentieth-century painting has been profound.

It took him a long time to rebel. For twelve years he was a successful broker in Paris, earning more than £1,500 a year. For ten of them he was happily married to a Danish girl and lived a quiet domestic life with their five children, at first painting only during his leisure hours on Sundays.

Later, he devoted his evenings to drawing from the model. Then his holidays became painting expeditions. Finally, in January, 1883, when he was thirty-four, he resigned his position as a broker to give all his time to art.

He seems to have thought that somehow his savings and his financial luck would tide the family over until his pictures began to sell. But the savings soon evaporated, there was no financial luck and the paintings did not sell.

After a year or so he left his wife and children with her family in Copenhagen. The understanding was that they should come together again when he could earn a living, and they continued to correspond until six years before his death. But they were never reunited.

Family life broken up

Gauguin's wife was naturally very bitter about it all, but she showed great understanding. "Nobody gave Paul the idea of painting," she wrote later. "He painted because he had to."

The break-up of his family life crucially affected Gauguin's outlook. It was true that he "had" to paint. He was convinced that he had something to contribute to the art of his age. But his conscience was never at peace again and he became rancorous and morose, a ferocious egoist and his own worst enemy.

Longing to be part of a community of some sort, he felt himself an outcast. He came to think of modern Europe as rotten to the core, a materialism whose over-complex civilization stifled or twisted everything that was most natural in man.

With this mood came a distaste for the

Fantastic bids at auctions and long queues at the art galleries . . . . These paintings have never had such a boom

Impressionist masters of the time, whose work he regarded as an all too exact reflection of the culture they lived in and were content to accept. "These painters keep the shackles of representation," he once said scornfully. "They look for what is near the eye and not at the mysterious heart of thought."

In this frame of mind he left Paris and went to live at a cheap *pension* at Pont-Aven, in Brittany, with vague ideas of restoring to artists the place of craftsmen they had enjoyed in the Middle Ages. For a couple of years he achieved little, but by 1888 what he was groping after began to crystallize and his work took on its distinctive character.

His paintings became extremely simple and even naïve. The details of normal appearances were disregarded, forms were more generalized and set down in their essential outlines. They were arranged in flattish patterns, often with strong contours around them, and coloured very brightly.

He had been helped by a young friend, Emile Bernard, who persuaded him to study medieval stained glass and tapestries and the illumination of manuscripts. As often happens in the history of painting, the new was inspired by the old, and there is much in Gauguin that recalls medieval art.

One of his finest works at this time was "Jacob Wrestling With An Angel," now in the National Gallery of Scotland at Edinburgh. When it was completed, Gauguin offered it to the parish priest of the church near Pont-Aven. The offer was rejected, and when the painting was auctioned in 1891 it fetched only nine hundred francs (about £40).

Yet it was this phase of Gauguin's work which especially influenced French painting. In 1889 another young artist, Paul Sérusier, had visited the *pension* at Pont-Aven where Gauguin was staying, and it was Sérusier who spread Gauguin's ideas among the new generation of painters in Paris. He called these ideas "synthetism."

The word was used to describe a studied avoidance of anything that looked like the imitation of nature. In the pictures which Gauguin was painting at that time there is no perspective in the usual sense. Neither by colour nor by light and shade are the forms made to look solid—this was construed as a device of illusion, almost of deception, the picture surface being itself flat.

There are no shadows, or hardly any, since shadows presuppose sunshine, and the sun belongs to the real world and not to that of the painting. The pictures are made-up areas of pure colour, set down one against the other, and bounded by heavy outlines.

Gauguin's restless, questing mind drove him farther afield than Brittany. He was in search of a primitive culture, in which human nature was uncorrupted. This dream of "the noble savage" had haunted Europeans for many a year. It took Gauguin to Oceania in the hope, as he expressed it, of "amorous harmony with the mysterious beings around me." In 1891, he left for Tahiti, paying for the journey by selling thirty of his pictures—for a total of £450.

Hated life in Europe

His dream of a primitive world and of the noble savage ran deep in him. Certainly a revulsion from European sophistication shaped much of his life. But it would be wrong to imagine that in Oceania Gauguin was merely painting naked brown girls. Far from it. He was a highly sophisticated Frenchman. Moreover, in the museums and art galleries he had looked at a vast array of objects of art from many periods of time and from many places. He was not a painter from nature.

"Everything," he said, "happens in my wild imagination." He had looked at primitive idols, at Far Eastern art, at Italian primitives, at the poses and patterns of Javanese and Egyptian friezes, at medieval glass and romanesque carving. Who knows what part the memory of these things played in his work in Oceania?

In a letter to his son, written in 1893, the usually gentle Camille Pissarro said of Gauguin: "He is always poaching on somebody's ground; now he is pillaging the savages of Oceania."

The comment was unfair. Gauguin was one of the first modern painters to take full advantage of the facilities offered by museums. He had spent long hours at the newly founded Museum of Ethnography in Paris and at the Guimet Museum studying the art of primitive peoples.

Through museums he became aware of art forms, and of ways of thinking and feeling, very different indeed from those to which nineteenth-century Europeans were accustomed. But no

Gauguin's "The Spirit of the Dead Watching" (Manao Tupapau), painted in 1893, is on a canvas 28⅞" × 36¼". It is now in a private collection in the United States

© *General A. Conger Goodyear*

BE PROUD OF YOUR HOME

Lining Curtains

for warmth and good looks

WHEN you plan new curtains, budget for lining them too. Lined curtains keep their shape longer, look and hang better, and are less likely to fade. So don't allow yourself to feel that because you have spent a lot of money on curtain material, you can't afford lining. The more you spend on material, the more important lining is.

The most popular material for curtain lining is sateen, which is light and inexpensive. The unbleached variety costs about 5s. a yard, white and colours about 6s.

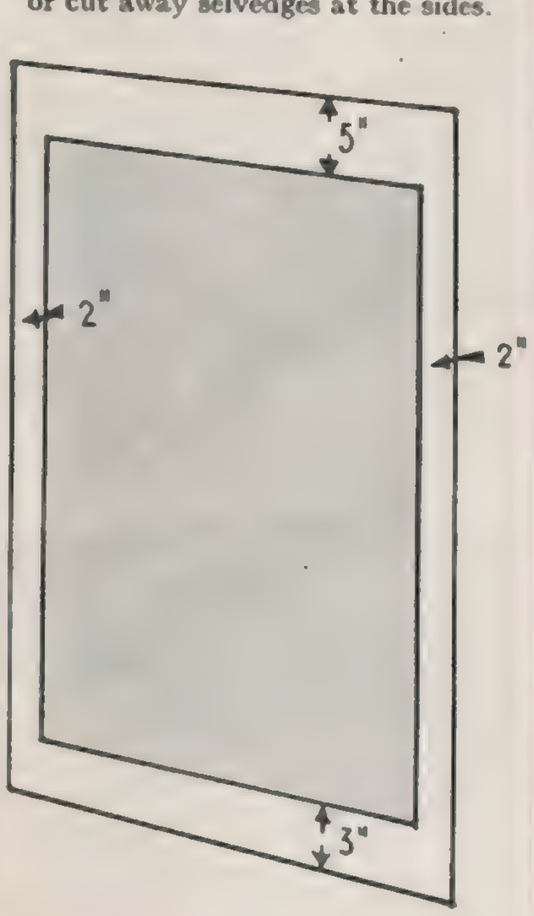
Lining curtains, by making the fabric denser, makes them warmer, too. There is a new aluminium-coated sateen on the market called "Milium" which costs 7s. 11d. a yard, which turns curtains into an insulation barrier against excessive cold or heat. Ordinary lining supplemented by a fluffy interlining serves much the same purpose.

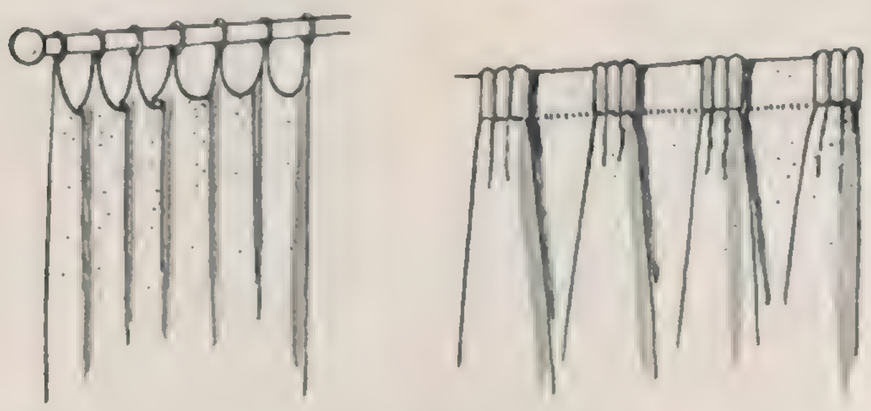
Don't economize on size; a skimped curtain looks mean and almost worse than no curtain at all. You should allow for at least the width and a half of the window with six inches overlap between the two curtains in the middle.

R. S.

Above: Put right sides together, and machine sides. Heavy or interlined curtains should be stitched by hand. Mitre top corners as shown, and stitch ruffle tape over raw edge, leaving a couple of inches heading above it. With a soft material, this should be interlined with buckram. Mitre bottom corners, and hem curtain and lining independently, leaving the bottom open. This is essential as the two materials will hang differently.

Below: Start by stitching together the widths of material if there are more than one. Cut away selvedges altogether or clip them at intervals down the seam, or they may make the curtain pucker. Lay the curtain out as shown on a large flat surface—the floor is the easiest—and cut lining to the size shown here. Clip or cut away selvedges at the sides.





Curtains need not have pelmets to finish them off. Large expanses of curtain in picture windows or between two rooms often look better without. Two ideas for top finishing are shown here. Rufflette's Deep Pleat tape, which takes up the fullness of the curtain into formal pinch pleats. Scalloped top for curtains on rods. To make this, machine curtain to lining in scalloped shape, clip and turn inside out.

A painter in search of the Garden of Eden

continued from page 28

man can get outside his own skin. He makes of this awareness something which corresponds to aspirations or discontents which previously may have been only vaguely felt at the back of his mind. This is not so simple as "pillaging." Gauguin went to Tahiti because the image of life there, even if not the reality, had for him intimations of what he was seeking, both as a painter and as a thinking being.

On this first visit to Tahiti, he stayed two years. In that time he produced sixty-six canvases, as well as wood-carvings and hundreds of drawings. His art mellowed. The paintings he had done in Brittany set the style for the rest of his life, but in Tahiti his drawing became less clumsy looking; it grew more flowing and sinuous.

An air of mystery

The subjects depicted were native women and children, idols and tropical landscapes. They were themselves primitive and exotic and suggesting an atmosphere of mystery, so that it was not so necessary for Gauguin to strive for a "primitive" or "naive" means of expression.

His pictures became less flat and the heavy outlines softened or disappeared. There was more solidity, and the forms became more modelled and rounded. The colours, too, grew warmer and more glowing, more richly evocative of a mood of simplicity and mystery through a direct, sensuous impression on the spectator. This was, of course, to some degree because the painter was by now more practised and sure of himself.

In point of fact, Gauguin was never at home among primitive natives. His view of Tahitian women was no more than a romantic idea, a nineteenth-century European's conception of primitive women.

"She is very subtle and very knowing in her naïvety, the Tahitian Eve," he once wrote. "It is Eve after the fall, but still able to walk naked without shame, keeping all her animal beauty. Her head has evolved, her mind has learned subtlety, love has impressed an ironical smile on her lips. It is enigmatically that she looks at you." Such phrases would not have been comprehensible to the women of Tahiti.

But he did not rely on his subject matter to produce his effects. He relied chiefly on the way of painting, on the shapes and patterns and colours. The subject, however exotic, did not of itself convey the sense of mystery that he wanted to express.

"My nudes," he once wrote, "are chaste without clothes. To what can this be attributed if not to certain forms and colours which remove them from reality?"

The painting shown here, "The Spirit Of The Dead Watching" or "*Manao Tupapau*" (Gauguin liked to use the native words), was made in Tahiti in 1893, and is a good example of Gauguin's evolved way of painting.

Symbol of dread

It happens also to be a picture about which he wrote himself, saying what his aims were. It was inspired by Manet's "Olympia," a reproduction of which he had on the wall of his hut. But he wanted to paint a nude that was also a symbol of mysterious fear and dread.

"I need a background of terror," he wrote. "Purple is clearly indicated." The general harmony was to be "sombre, sad, frightening, sounding to the eye like a death-knell—the violet, the dark blue and the orange yellow."

But fear of what? The *tupapau* (spirit of the dead) was an obvious choice—for the natives of Tahiti it is a constant dread. But a Tahitian had no notion of ghosts in the European style. So the spirit was represented as a little old woman, like a living person but not quite of this world, somewhat like an idol.

Gauguin has told us what the picture is about—"the soul of a living person linked to the spirit of the dead"—and he described the visual terms in which he wanted to convey his feeling of mystery as "undulating, horizontal lines, blue and orange harmonies tied together by yellows and purples, lit by greenish sparks."

As a painter Gauguin had less innate talent and less proficiency than the other great artists of his time. But his paintings are strangely moving, even if some of his most cherished ideas were absurd. He achieved what he wanted: a capacity to quicken and move the imagination through visual means alone. He was a proud and difficult man, but about his work he was humble.

The public, he once said, owed him nothing, since his work was only *relatively* good. But contemporary painters, he went on, did owe him something, because it was through his efforts that they had come to a new freedom in painting. He meant freedom from the representation of nature's appearances.

When he first went to Tahiti in 1891, he told a friend that he was going because there a man would be able to live "in ecstasy and peace and for art, far from the European struggle for money." He was wrong, of course.

Nobody can live in ecstasy. Even if he could gather and fish his own food, he could not paint while he was doing it. And even if he had food he needed paint as well. Privations bring on illness, and for a lonely European the tropics is no place in which to be ill.

His failing health

Two years later he was compelled to seek repatriation. But for Gauguin, the dream was too powerful to be given up. In 1895, he left again for the Pacific, this time for ever.

Back in Tahiti he built himself a new and more comfortable hut. But his health was beginning to go. In the following years he was often extremely ill and in great misery and despair. For long periods he was unable to work.

In the early part of 1897, he learned of the death of his daughter Aline. His grief was intense. His sense of loss grew in the following August when, for the first time, he did not receive any birthday letters from his children.

Angry and grief-stricken, he broke off the correspondence with his wife, which he had kept up all through the years.

In February of the next year, he tried to commit suicide, trekking to a deserted corner in the mountains and taking arsenic in the hope that his body would be devoured by ants.

For a month he was ill from the effects, and when he recovered he was compelled, to keep starvation at bay, to take a job in the office of public works at Papeete for six francs a day.

But speculation in his pictures was beginning in Paris, and small sums of money began to flow to him. Dealers were buying. One of them, Ambroise Vollard, offered to take twenty-five pictures a year for three hundred francs (about £13 10s.) a month. Gauguin was able to give up his job and return to his hut-studio.

By 1901, he had decided to leave Tahiti and he sailed to the Marquesas, settling on the tiny island of Dominica or Hiva-oa.

He was still the rebel. In March, 1903, he was sentenced to three months' imprisonment and a fine of a thousand francs for championing the natives against the local *gendarmes*. And on May 8 of that year Gauguin died, in a hut, alone, half-blind, his enormously strong constitution worn down by starvation and sickness, a victim of eczema, a red and swollen leg hanging out of the bed.

THE END

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spoil
yourself!

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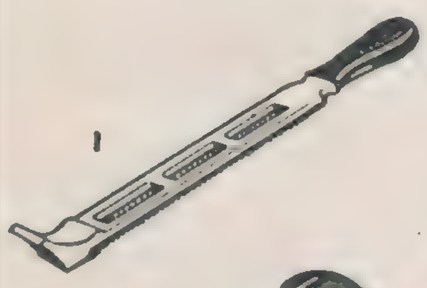
Here is another guide for handymen devised by Roger Smithells to help you pick the right tools and materials for jobs around the house

Handyman Guide 8

SHAPERS AND SMOOTHERS

These tools involve the completely new principle of a thin slotted, non-clogging blade, with multiple cutting edges. A variety of models is available. Blades are easily removed and replaced.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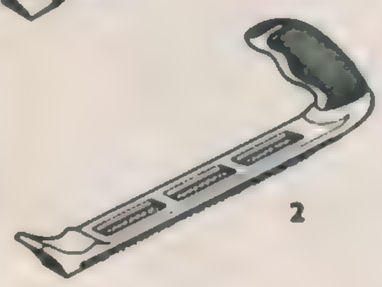
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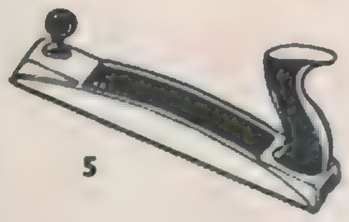
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The new tools combine the functions of spokeshave and rasp, and do most jobs better. For rounding corners, smoothing and shaping, they are easy and quick to use, giving a sleek, controlled finish. They can tackle a wide variety of materials from wood to mild steel with equal ease, due to the tough nature of their blades, and are therefore equally useful in the garage or workshop.

The different makes of shapers and smoothers vary only slightly. Apart from the blade structure, the file versions are very similar. Operated in the same manner as a rasp or file, they can be used for shaping, rounding corners, etc. The half-round file, which uses a similar type of blade, gives even greater scope for shaping, particularly on hollow curved edges.

The plane type is useful for working on surfaces, and there is a Surform Convex plane for work on concave surfaces and for spot trimming. The plane types use the same form of blade as the files, varying only in the arrangement of the handles.

The Surform Block plane is very useful for one-handed smoothing of edges, and small surface areas.

STANLEY: Shaper-file (Illus. 1). Shaper-plane (Illus. 2). Flat and half-round blades available. Slotted teeth extend round the edge of the blade for working into corners.

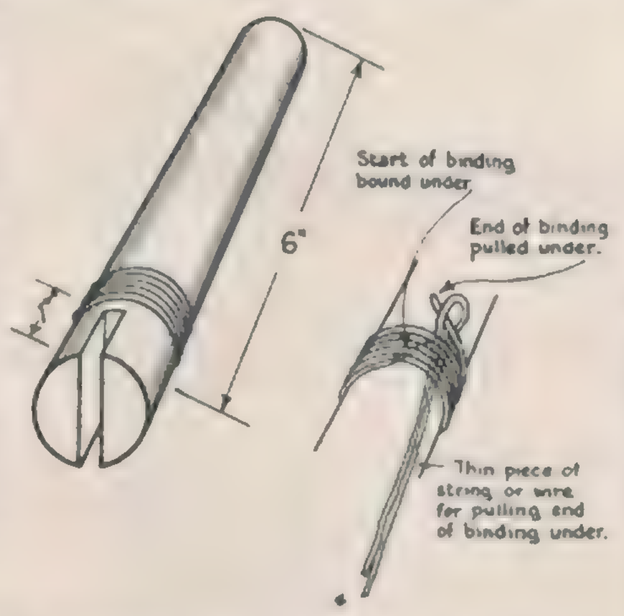
SURFORM: File. Convex plane (Illus. 3). Block plane (Illus. 4). Plane (Illus. 5). Flat and half-round blades available. Standard and fine cut.

BETTATOOL: One tool with reversible handle and detachable knob for use as plane and file. Blades are available with either coarse, medium, or fine cut and are reversible.

It's an Idea

Hot Water Bottle Opener

Mrs. A. M. Goodman of Northampton writes: "Does the stopper to your hot water bottle ever stick fast? Mine invariably did until I invented the handy little tool described here. Other readers with weak fingers might like to make one, too. Take a piece of 1 inch dowel rod about 6 inches long. Form the slot at one end, about 1 inch deep, by making two or three saw cuts side by side. To prevent the wood splitting under strain bind it firmly with string just below the slot. The second sketch shows how to do this job expertly and give it a neat finish."



Send *your* bright idea to Roger Smithells, JOHN BULL AND ILLUSTRATED, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. One guinea will be paid for each idea published.

A man to respect

continued from page 16

of the Hotel Nacional, in the capital, and strolled through the lobby. He was going home. A polite "Good evening" halted him. He shook hands and said: "Jaime Colindres, what are you doing so far from Tolintino?"

"I wish I knew," Jaime scowled. "I don't like what I think."

"Trouble?"

"Everything is trouble these days. I was asked to come in for a conference. Chavez sent the message. Very important, he said; very urgent. It turned out to be a meeting of his henchmen, quite pointless. The colonel himself wasn't even there and isn't in town, I'm told. I am worried."

George Manley had been building roads in Manigua for years and knew what was going on. "Get home," he advised, then thought of his own position and frowned. "I think I'll go with you. I've a lot of lorries on that road that Chavez would find handy for transporting rebels from the border."

THEY talked as they drove, discussing many things. At the top of the great climb, tired from clawing their way up the mountain face in low gear, they stopped at the watchman's shack for coffee, and were drinking it when a car droned past outside. George Manley reached the shack door too late to get a look at the car, but made sure there was only one before returning to his coffee.

The sound of Luis Bonilla's jeep brought him to his feet again. Through the shack window, astonished, he had watched Luis start the 'dozer. Now, with Jaime Colindres framed in the doorway behind him, George stood beside the growling hulk and bellowed, "Get down off that thing!"

Luis trembled under the accusing gaze. "Señor, I—I must have it. You don't understand!"

"You're out of your mind," George shouted. "Get down, I say!"

Luis sighed, stood up, and suddenly hurled himself feet first at George's head. George went down in a heap, struggled blindly to rise, was given a shove and stumbled over the mounded gravel and went to earth again, cursing. When he staggered to his feet the second time, it was too late. Luis had scrambled to the padded seat again. The bulldozer thundered towards the road.

It was an incredible accomplishment, really. George himself says so, and George is no man to compliment without reason any wild-eyed employee guilty of assault and battery on the person of George Manley.

The mountainside there was all but vertical, awesomely booby-trapped with brittle limestone ledges. Yet when George and Jaime Colindres rushed to the road's edge, expecting the worst, there below them was the monster clawing its ungainly way downward at incredible speed.

"Good grief!" George said. "He must have invented that thing."

FROM his perch Luis could see Colonel Chavez's black car creeping along the unfinished highway whose outer edge was space. Now the road was just beneath him, a pale ribbon of gravel visible through a screen of tall bushes and mammoth boulders, with the approaching car but a short distance away; and Luis was confronted with a problem which the watching George Manley knew could not be solved. That drop to the road was high and almost vertical.

George turned away, groaning, but Luis Bonilla did not even hesitate. The 'dozer lumbered forward. For a ticklish moment it teetered on the brink. Then it lurched over, and in the midst of a minor landslide it slewed and snorted on to the highway, right side up.

The oncoming car was but a few yards distant. Luis swung the 'dozer to meet it. His right hand sped to the blade handle and pulled. The great blade rose like a curling lower lip out-thrust in search of a victim.

There was no room in that place for a car to pass. On one side the bank formed an immovable barrier, and on the other yawned empty darkness. Chavez applied the car's brakes and fought the wheel in sudden panic. Tyres screeched in loose gravel. But it was too late. The car continued its forward progress as though the 'dozer blade were a giant magnet.

A head and hand thrust themselves from a rear window, and the hand clutched a revolver. It was a wasted effort. The bullets screamed off the big blade and Luis relentlessly guided his yellow monster forward. The revolver stopped barking at him. Doors flew open as the occupants of the car saw themselves being pushed backward to the road's fearsome brink. Men flung themselves into the highway. Chavez himself at last yielded to panic and leaped to safety.

The colonel was just in time. Shoved to the edge of space, the black car plunged over and dropped from sight.

When George and Jaime Colindres came roaring down the road in the jeep, Chavez and his companions were still there and still dazed. And when George pointed a revolver at them, they meekly lifted their hands. The revolution was finished. . . .

IT was not much of a story outside Manigua. British newspapers gave it only a line or two. But in Manigua, and especially in Tolintino, it was a different tale. Luis Bonilla's name was on every tongue.

He took it well, all things considered. To Jaime Colindres he said humbly: "I will work very hard, papa, to make our Rosita proud and happy." To Rosita he said: "You, my beloved, were the inspiration."

And to George Manley, with a solemnity befitting his new station in life, Luis spoke as follows: "I thank you, señor, but the new job at the silver mine of my father-in-law will take most of my time. For friendship's sake, however, if you have need of me for some difficult task—involving, of course, the operation of a bulldozer—please feel free to call me." THE END

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THE GREATEST RAID OF ALL · 4

by C. E. LUCAS PHILLIPS

The commandos make a dash for freedom

The battle of the docks was at its height, and their ships had gone. Now the Germans were closing in for the kill

By now, from his headquarters gunboat at the Old Entrance to St. Nazaire docks, Commander R. E. D. Ryder could no longer distinguish friend from foe in the strange and uncertain battle being waged ashore. In its main purposes, the night raid on St. Nazaire—"the sauciest since Drake," and one of the most astonishing feats of the second World War—had brilliantly succeeded. The old destroyer Campbeltown, crammed with explosives and delayed-action fuses that had not yet gone off, lay firmly rammed against the gate of the great Normandie Dock, that vital dock for the German battleships.

The commandos who had scrambled ashore from Campbeltown had, in less than two hours, blown up the dock's pumping and winding gear. Damage had been done, in fact, that would put the dock out of commission for ten years.

But all had not gone so well with the flotilla of little motor launches which had followed Campbeltown to land more commandos to spread the destruction in the docks.

They had been caught in murderous fire, seven of them had been lost and many brave men had died of gunshot or in the lakes of burning petrol on the surface of the sea. Only a handful of commandos had landed successfully.

The teams go in

Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Newman's own headquarters, as military commander, Troop Sergeant-Major G. E. Haines's party, the demolition squads of Captain Bill Pritchard, Lieutenant "Tiger" Watson and Lieutenant Philip Walton, and the lone Captain Michael Burn—only these got ashore from the launches and were able to advance.

Anyone could have foretold that such a fate was almost inevitable if the light wooden launches were to be called upon to face serious fire from the shore. And this was due in great part to the untimely loss of the bombing support. Bomber Command had provided sixty-two bombers, but inflexible restrictions were imposed upon pilots, partly as a result of Cabinet directions so as not to imperil French lives. The bombers discovered heavy cloud up to eight thousand feet, with bad icing conditions. In consequence, only four aircraft actually bombed.

A squadron leader back in England next day said, almost in tears: "If you had only *told* us what it was all in aid of, we would have come down to nought feet and given them everything we had."

This, indeed, was what Newman had

As Pritchard fell, Maclagan riddled the German with a burst from his tommy-gun

ILLUSTRATION BY RICHARDS

They're Young when they're Batchelors Garden Peas

Helping mother! What better way for two little girls to have fun—they're enjoying themselves enormously! It's a happy time when they're young. That's when they're nicest. And the same is true of garden peas. *They're* nicest when *they're* young . . . and they're young when they're Batchelors Garden Peas. Fresh, sweet and tender—because they're picked at the peak of their young perfection, and canned within a short matter of hours. Let your family enjoy Batchelors Garden Peas often.

BGP6 9835

The greatest raid of all

continued from previous page

asked for, but been told that he could not have. But as a final note on this issue there remains the typical observation made to him by Mr. Churchill when the two met in later years. "The only person you can blame for the lack of air support," said Mr. Churchill, "is me."

Because of the slaughter of the motor launches, Newman and his commandos now ashore could not be re-embarked.

It went very hard indeed with Ryder to leave Charles Newman and his commandos encircled by the enemy ashore. But there seemed nothing more that could be done, and the means of communication were gone. Both points of embarkation were in enemy hands. In the river there were no craft but themselves that were not on fire.

Withdrawal begins

Regretfully, Ryder decided to withdraw. The main purposes of the expedition had been brilliantly achieved; the secondary purposes had failed. Ryder gave the order, and the little gunboat shot off down river, under the following beams of the searchlights and the pursuing shells, at twenty-four knots. . . .

That portion of the St. Nazaire docks which was the scene of the commandos' confused and bitter fighting at close quarters was divided into two parts. The dividing line was the broad Old Town Place. About 120 feet wide, it ran almost directly from the Old Mole to the modern town by way of Bridge D, the scene of one of the most dramatic and inspiring moments, which was to be graven in the minds of the commandos ever after as the "Bridge of Memories." To the south of Old Town Place lay the Old Town itself.

Charles Newman had disembarked from the gunboat in the Old Entrance somewhere about 1.40 a.m. He moved up to the building he had selected for his headquarters, close to Bridge G, but could see no sign of any of his commandos. On walking round it to find an entrance he "bumped helmets" round a corner with a German. It is characteristic of him that he instinctively said: "Sorry." The startled German threw up his hands and began talking volubly. Instantly Captain Anthony Terry, who spoke German, was upon him and Newman laughed ironically when he learned that his chosen headquarters was itself a German headquarters of some sort.

Parties of Germans, roused out of their startled surprise, now began to come alive and spring to arms on every hand. They had reacted very quickly, as Germans always do—a total of 280 men from a Flak brigade before very long, detachments of naval shore establishments, the crews ashore of three tankers and perhaps the harbour commander's guard company. But not more than 113 of Newman's men were landed effectively, some forty of them armed only with pistols.

What was much more serious to the commandos than the superiority of numbers was the superior weight of fire from the fixed gun positions and the minesweepers and harbour defence craft.

Newman was quite in ignorance of the progress of the battle elsewhere, for he never succeeded in establishing wireless communication with Ryder.

Soon sounds of fresh tommy-gun fire on his left told Newman that something was afoot there also. This was the party, successfully landed at the Old Mole, containing Philip Walton's team for destroying Bridge D. Tiger Watson's protection squad and Bill Pritchard's demolition control team.

Pritchard's tasks were to control the timings of the demolitions, to help where necessary and to attack targets of opportunity.

With Watson's squad leading, followed by Walton's, followed by Pritchard, this little band ran quickly up the steps to the landward end of the mole, made straight for Bridge D, but very soon came under fire. Pritchard, passing two bodies dead or wounded on the ground, reached Bridge D the first.

Pritchard's party consisted of four corporals. Approaching the lock of the Southern Entrance, they beheld the steel latticework swing bridge which was Walton's objective, looming in the half-darkness ahead of them like the ribs of some giant skeleton.

There was no cover at all on the bare and open quay, except for a small concrete hut, about ten feet square, a few yards from the bridge. To this Pritchard and his corporals sprinted, dumping their rucksacks on its sheltered side.

German ships sunk

Pritchard, looking round at once for prey, saw two ships berthed alongside each other against the quay of the Submarine Basin, forty yards to his right, and whispered to Corporal I. L. Maclagan: "Mac, I'm going to sink those two ships. Get out two five-pound charges."

Under full observation from an enemy scarcely sixty yards away, the two men ran to the quayside, jumped on to the nearer ship, crossed to the second and lowered the charges between the two ships three feet below water. They tied them to the rail of the ship, pulled the igniter pins and hurried to the hut.

There Pritchard gave instructions to the other three corporals, in the absence of Walton's party, to "do what you can" to the swing bridge, while he and Maclagan went round to visit the other

After the raid. . . . A German photograph of survivors of the launch commanded by Lieutenant Ian Henderson

Captain Bill Pritchard, M.C., was killed at St. Nazaire. He was the raiders' demolitions expert

demolition parties in that area. He lingered a moment, however, and before they separated smiled happily as the charges between the two ships blew up with a muffled roar.

Pritchard and Maclagan set out at a trot towards the South Entrance, going boldly and silently along the open lock side, disappointed to find no demolition parties yet arrived.

At the power station Pritchard decided that he must go back to find out what was happening. Together with his corporal, he turned about left-handed, trotting across the Old Town, making for Bridge D.

They were nearly halfway across the Old Town when, at a sudden corner in the half-light Pritchard ran straight into a German. The end came swiftly. At one second they met and in the next Pritchard had fallen backwards, possibly bayoneted, for no shot was fired by either. Maclagan took a quick pace forward and riddled the German with his tommy-gun.

He then dropped down on his knee beside his leader. Pritchard was breathing "terribly heavily." Then he said: "That you, Mac? Don't stop for me. Go straight back and report to H.Q. That's an order." So far as we know, he never spoke again.

Young Watson's tiny squad comprised young Sergeant L. C. Wickson, steady and reliable, Lance-Corporal G. Grief, an irrepressible, sharp-featured, ribald Cockney, the sturdy Private Davidson and the good-looking Private W. H. Lawson.

Coming up immediately behind them was Philip Walton, the schoolmaster, quiet and wiry, with his demolition team for the critical Bridge D.

Watson set off at too smart a pace for Walton's heavily-laden demolition team, from whom they soon became separated.

Full of confidence, he doubled along the broad space of Old Town Place, but had gone only about 150 yards before he met some Germans. He called to them: "*Hände hoch*—hands up." But they answered him with a grenade and a similar summons. Himself a little way in front of his squad, he dropped to the ground to engage them, his orders having been to keep the enemy occupied while the demolition team went on, then to disengage and join up again.

From an emplacement beyond Bridge D another machine-gun began spraying the area at random. Watson therefore lay low for a minute till the shooting stopped, then rose quickly and darted back several yards to rejoin his squad behind a railway truck.

Watson was upset to find the demolition party there also but without Walton; they had seen him fall while running across Old Town Place, but in fact, unknown to all, Walton was with great daring making his way to the bridge alone, there to die in a heroic attempt to lay his charges single-handed at point-blank range.

To Watson's urgent inquiries, Corporal George Wheeler replied that they had been unable to cross the road and that Walton must have been killed. Watson shouted for his friend, who had been to him as an elder brother, without result, and turned to question Sergeant Dick Bradley, when the sergeant was shot through the lung. Watson was wounded in the buttock. Bradley was dragged under better cover, but before long he was shot again.

To Watson the check that he had suffered was merely a fresh spur and goad, quickening his purpose and sharpening his temper. Some reinforcement was clearly necessary for his tiny squad, but when he raised his Very light pistol to fire the required signal it was shot out of his hand. He therefore sent Wheeler to run to Newman's H.Q. with the request for help. Determined to maintain his purpose, he then attempted a new approach, moving half-right through the sheds and warehouses north of him towards the Submarine Basin, accompanied by Private Lawson. He had nearly reached the quayside when he heard German voices at the end of an alley and, instead of ignoring them, he hurled a grenade.

He was answered by a violent burst of machine-gun fire, which enveloped him in clouds of dust from shattered bricks at head level from the wall alongside him, and from cement stored in the warehouse. This brusque stoppage came from one of the minesweepers still berthed at the quayside only a few yards from him. Frustrated a second time, he made his way back to Newman's H.Q., accompanied by the bewildered, but staunch and obedient, Lawson and pursued by the ship's machine-gun.

Newman's praise

Among all the wrathful clamour and the darting tracer Watson found Newman—who was not yet aware of the failure of the Old Mole landings—jovial, kind and reassuring. "Hard luck, Tiger," he said. "You've done jolly well. I can let you have a couple more tommy-gunners. Go back and have another shot."

The young officer, still accompanied by Lawson, retraced his steps. "I was convinced," he said, "that it meant certain death, but orders were orders." He made contact again with Sergeant Wickson and the remainder of the party and they turned about. By the time they had all reassembled on the dangerous edge of Old Town Place, they had all become charged with the same burning ardour.

While they were bracing themselves for the new effort, a runner arrived from headquarters cancelling the order and instructing them to assemble with the other parties, for it must have been about now that Newman had learned that none of the demolition teams for the South Entrance had yet arrived and had began to realize accordingly that these targets might be beyond accomplishment.

Newman had no reason yet to suppose that the mole was not in commando hands or that anything on the left wing of the battle had gone seriously wrong. He felt tremendously exhilarated and began to crack jokes with his staff.

Mindful of the need of being personally out in the open with his men, Newman abandoned the idea of occupying his proposed headquarters house, and after some grenades had been thrown into it, took up a fresh position behind a shed near the quay from which he could check the demolition parties—mostly landed from the destroyer—as they came in. Here he could direct them, as he hoped, to the determined point of re-embarkation on the Old Mole.

One by one these parties came in, the young officers in charge of each—all of them wounded, though Captain Bob Montgomery only slightly—reporting personally to Newman. All those who could do so stood up and saluted as though on parade. Tremendously pleased with them all, Newman rewarded them with his genial smile.

Major Bill Copland came in very soon after, giving Newman the good news

MAKE IT YOURSELF

Roger Smithells does an

8-hour job

We unpacked the 'Ingle' cabinet kit on a Sunday morning. By evening the assembly was completed and ready for painting. Now it is used as a sideboard

1. Trial assembly. It looks confusing at first, with all those bits lying around. But every part is stamped with a code number. With the help of the maker's diagram it is quite easy to find out what piece goes with what.

2. The side frames are completed There are no corner posts so each frame can be assembled separately. Joints are fixed with adhesive squeezed out of polythene containers. Tight joints are gently tapped home with a hammer.

3. The frames have been joined to form the carcass of the cabinet. Now the drawers are assembled. Adhesive is applied to all parts which will join and corner joints are made tight. When dry the drawers are tested for fit.

4. The assembled frame is now dry and the plywood shelves are slipped into position. They are shaped to fit round the members of the frame and are fixed in place with panel pins. This adds rigidity to the whole unit.

5. Now the framework is clothed in panels of plywood. These panels fit into rebates in the framework so that the edges of the plywood are protected and the finish is flush. The plywood is fixed with adhesive and panel pins.

6. David checks the position for door fixing. Neat hinges and coloured plastic handles are provided for the chipboard doors and drawer fronts. The top is screwed to the frame from below. We faced ours with a gay red Formica.

Make the day with Cadburys Milk Tray

These three are news!
1 – delicious Walnut Fudge, entirely new.
2 and 3 – a new look for your old favourites Creme Strawberry and Orange Creme

The greatest raid of all

continued from previous page

from the Normandie Dock area, and the less promising news of Burn's lone arrival far away at Bridge M. The time had therefore come to fire the rain rockets that were the signal for the withdrawal, but there were no rockets, for they had all been lost when Regimental Sergeant-Major A. Moss had gone down in the river.

Newman therefore called upon Lance-Corporal J. L. Harrington to go and take verbal withdrawal orders to Lieutenant John Roderick, a quarter of a mile away, and to Roy.

Newman and his commandos, now reduced by fatal casualties and by the re-embarkation of Lieutenant Christopher Smalley's party to under a hundred, of whom many were wounded, had collected loosely together in the warehouse area. Newman now knew that the main purpose of the expedition had been achieved. The situation on the left was dubious, but so far, no more than that. The general impression on his buoyant mind, therefore, was that the operation was developing favourably.

The launches' fate

Of the fate of the motor launches he had little or no knowledge, for where he stood the warehouses and railway trucks acted as a baffle to any view of the river.

Thus when Copland said that he would "push along" to organize the re-embarkation, for which the parties from the north were now ready, Newman said: "I'll come with you, Bill."

Together they made their way south-eastward through the ranked warehouses, keeping to the selvedge of black shadow that bordered the buildings under the contrasting harsh, white beams. Emerging from the buildings and coming to a line of railway trucks, they had their first glimpse of the river north of the mole and were brought up all standing by the menacing spectacle that confronted their astonished gaze.

Struck with consternation, Newman exclaimed involuntarily: "Good heavens, Bill! Surely those aren't ours."

The very river itself was on fire. Close in to the mole the hulks of burned-out motor launches still glowed red on the water, while in the night beyond, seemingly suspended in the air, there blazed a sea of burning petrol which had spread outwards and outwards from each burning ship, or had been splayed far and wide like so many fountains of fire as other craft blew up. The flames leaped and flickered from the water.

For a moment they both gazed in silence, the import of the scene only too apparent. Then, with a little wry laugh, Newman said: "Well, Bill, there goes our transport."

The first requirement was to rally, consolidate and organize for the new situation. Copland set briskly to work to re-form the little force, choosing as the rallying ground the loop in the railway 150 yards north of the Old Mole, where there was some field of fire and where a few railway trucks gave protection.

Until the commandos were re-formed, both sides were in considerable confusion. Often only a few yards from each other, friend was not instinctively distinguishable from foe.

Virtually surrounded and their means of withdrawal gone, the commandos never ceased to enjoy a sense of complete superiority over the enemy. They had no sense at all of being cornered. They intended to retain the initiative as long as possible.

Newman himself, with the responsibility for men's lives on his shoulders, alone had a moment's doubt. They could do no more. Though the idea of giving themselves up was entirely repugnant to him, he knew that there could be no dishonour now in doing so. To satisfy his mind, he sought a second opinion, calling Major Bill Copland into a short conference. Did Copland think, he asked, that they ought "to call it a day"?

"Certainly not, Colonel," replied Copland, who was as cool and unexcited as though on church parade. "We'll fight our way out."

Nothing pleased Newman more. He made a quick plan to divide his force up into groups of about twenty, fight their way out of the dockyard, through the town, into the open country beyond and try to make their way in pairs to Spain and thence to Gibraltar.

He quietly told Copland and Day his plan. Copland then moved off to divide the force into detachments of twenty and brought the group leaders to Newman for their orders. Newman's own words vividly illustrate this moment.

"The scene at the Old Mole was hard to describe. There were flames and smoke everywhere. Some wounded Germans were screaming down an alley and small arms fire was coming from all the buildings around us. Our own chaps were forming a perimeter round the Old Mole; some railway trucks gave them cover and from behind these they were coolly returning the fire with ever decreasing ammunition.

"When the group leaders came up to me for my orders, they saluted and grinned. I told them that, as usual, there was no transport to take us home, and that we should fight our way into the town and from there to open country. Nobody seemed at all surprised."

The whole of the warehouse area was now alive with Germans. It was a run of more than 650 yards, and this would have to be undertaken by the wounded also.

Sometime after 3 a.m. this extraordinary column, encumbered with wounded, short of ammunition, with little to hope for but a faint chance of vagrant freedom, began its inspired and defiant dash straight through the serried rows of buildings thronged with the enemy firing from every window and lying in wait at a few yards' range at every corner.

They moved by bounds, keeping to the shadowed ways at the edges of the long warehouses and halting from time to time to squat in some dark patch and collect together—sometimes to rush some open stretch by parties under covering fire, or to overcome some point of enemy resistance or to give time for the straggling wounded to catch up. These fell out to await the inevitable when they could no longer keep up.

Thus, in good order and with unbroken ranks, the little company fought its way forward at Newman's command of: "Get on, lads! Get on!"

Throughout the whole route, from concealed positions a few yards away in the dark, a ragged fire, now feeble, now bursting into an angry challenge, was sprayed upon the silent-footed column as it swept along, an eerie but inspiring spectacle of defiant men cornered but not defeated, isolated but

LAKELAND FROM THE AIR

Look down on this strong face
muscled with hills: a land
sharp-boned with ridges, tanned
by the hard winds, deep-chased
by torrents, lit by the eyes
of cloud-reflecting tarns.

Houses and barns
and stone-girt fields are wise
with comfort; the green dales
smile with a hard-won peace:
the shepherd's brief release
between the winter's gales.

DOROTHY STRINGER

strong in their fellowship, victorious in spirit.

Somewhere always in the van was to be seen the inspiring figure of Newman, still jovial, still cracking jokes, never taking cover, always on his feet and directing fire or calling out: "Keep going, lads!"

Reaching the Submarine Basin, the commandos swung boldly left-handed along the quay. They met the fire of the dangerous guns across the water on their right, while on their left small arms fire assaulted them at a few yards' range from the sheds. Halted by one troublesome party, Major Copland took a squad right into the shed to silence it.

Quayside danger

Roy, meanwhile, was sweeping along to the southern extremity of the Submarine Basin, fretted only by the cracks in his ear of Newman's pistol fired over his shoulder and to all else unconcerned. At the end of the quay came the most dangerous place of all—the wide, open stretch of Old Town Place, which, turning right, they must cross before reaching Bridge D.

They halted accordingly while Copland made a quick reconnaissance, but he immediately came under fire from a machine-gun in a pill-box beyond the bridge—a machine-gun that enfiladed the open way by which they must go.

Bridge D, gaunt and ghostly in the curious light, was seventy yards away. There was no means of indirect approach. There was but one way to the bridge—straight at it. Very coolly Newman sited a Bren gun to give a little covering fire. Then he called: "Away you go, lads!"

Without hesitation the commandos went for it, moving at a steady double as a hurricane of fire burst upon them from beyond the bridge. The astonished Germans, quite in the dark about the purposes of all these confounding occurrences, shot high and wide, as they had done all that night.

Disdainful of it all, Captain Donald Roy made on right in the middle of the road, Newman beside him. Close behind were Sergeant J. Rennie, Lieutenant M. C. Denison, Montgomery and Haines, now wounded in two or three places. They passed the ships that Pritchard had sunk, passed Philip Walton's dead body and swept superbly over the Bridge of Memories. They were a smaller party now, their route marked by a sprinkling of their dead and wounded.

To all those who took part it was the most inspiring moment of the night, a charge across fire-swept ground right into the heart of the enemy.

In the stirring pages of British history there have been many glorious charges, many heroic assaults on battlemented walls and ramparts deemed impregnable, but, on its smaller scale and in its more modest intent, the breakout of the commandos at St. Nazaire ranks high among them as a manifestation of soldierly purpose and of the will and determination to defy odds. The clerks and bakers, the lawyers and engineers, the plumbers and farmers, the students and postmen who made up Charles Newman's tiny army showed in this brave hour the mettle of their pasture and the worth of their breeding.

As they reached the end of the bridge Sergeant Rennie fell, shot in the knee. A German grenade hit Lieutenant Corran Purdon in the leg and shoulder, bowling him over on top of Day. Then Copland went straight for the pill-box, emptying his magazine into the slit, and others followed his example. Roy, seeing a German run out from behind it, attacked him with a grenade. He ran to a roadside pit with Denison, Haines and a sergeant to attack with fire another machine-gun in action from a window a little way up the street.

A motor-cycle combination, carrying machine-gunners, came suddenly from round a corner at a cross-roads. Every commando in sight opened fire and the Germans, riddled with bullets, crashed into a café wall. Farther up the road what appeared to be an armoured car drove up very fast, spitting out fire at random in every direction and taking station at a cross-roads 150 yards ahead.

"I don't know what I've bought
because I went without my glasses"

About a hundred yards beyond the bridge ended the commandos' dockyard battle. For a motor-cycle combination and an armoured vehicle which appeared gave notice of the arrival of the first troops of the German army. These troops had arrived too late to mar the splendour of the commandos' breakout from the dockyard, but just in the nick of time to stop them from getting any farther.

It is not often that victory is followed by surrender, but St. Nazaire was without question a resounding victory for the little combined force of Ryder and Newman, a victory out of all proportion to their numbers and a victory of which the complete fulfilment was yet to come. To the German troops on the spot it was an act "brave but mad," but the occurrences of the next few hours were to show that it was an act far from mad but still very brave.

From this point all becomes confused as the small parties of commandos, with no maps and not knowing which direction to take, made their way through the streets, sticking close to the shadows of walls. All over the town the Germans were now rushing in reinforcements, uncertain what was afoot, believing that the raid was the spearhead of an invasion.

To avoid all the patrols and pickets, now being augmented each minute, the British began to forsake the streets, and to engage in what they were afterwards to term the "St. Nazaire obstacle race," clambering over walls, passing through one backyard after another, even going through houses from front to back.

By now, however, time was running out. It was about 4 a.m. and only two hours of darkness remained in which to find lying-up places for the day.

Worst of all was the condition of the wounded. By now about three men out of every four had been hit. All but a few of the commandos had kept up with astonishing fortitude, but were now weak from loss of blood and fatigue.

Refuge in cellar

Newman himself, with about fifteen others, found refuge in a large cellar equipped as an air-raid shelter, with eighteen palliasses. Of them all, only himself, Copland, Day and Sergeant Steele were not wounded. Steele was posted as lookout near the head of the stairs and wounds were dressed.

Here Newman intended to stay until night, when they would set out in pairs for the open country. "But I also decided," he said, "that if we were found in the cellar I should surrender, as the wounded were in a pretty bad way and a single grenade flung down the stairs would see the lot off."

They were indeed discovered, as a systematic search had been ordered. Newman himself at once dashed upstairs and offered surrender.

Under heavy guard, they were stripped of their weapons and interrogated by a German officer without much success.

Back in the dockyard Lieutenant Stuart Chant lay by the quay, unable to rise. Wounded a second time in the legs, he had been bowled over in the dockyard battle. Sergeant Ronnie Butler and Private Brown, of the Argylls, had come to his aid and carried him onward as far as the Submarine Basin, but there he had bidden them leave him.

A dazed young soldier whom he did not know came and sat down beside him. They were found in the morning by a German patrol, who came up to them, sub-machine-guns levelled, and, in that peculiarly harsh and grating German manner, shouted: *"Heraus! Heraus!*—Get up! Get up!" The young soldier, prompted by Chant, obeyed and was immediately shot dead. They turned to Chant and again ordered: *"Heraus! Heraus!"* Chant, who was mad with anger but helpless, pointed to his injured leg.

One of the Germans then noticed the stars on his shoulder, and said: *"Offizier."* They searched him, taking all his personal possessions, and carried him to a café at a corner of Old Town Place, where Lieutenant Gerard Brett

SELF-CONTROL—3

Self-control is only courage in another form.

Samuel Smiles

and several other wounded or dying prisoners already lay.

Little by little, what was left of the commandos began to come together again. "It was just like a reunion," Newman recorded. "In spite of personal misfortunes our spirits were high. What we were all waiting for, and straining our ears to hear, was the big bang of Campbeltown going up in the air."

In the bows of H.M.S. Campbeltown the acid was still eating quietly into the copper. . . .

While the commandos were fighting their dockyard battle and gallantly trying to effect their "withdrawal by land," the little motor craft of Ryder's force, or what was left of them, had begun their withdrawal by sea.

Seven of the seventeen craft had already been lost in flames in the neighbourhood of the docks. The others, which included Lieutenant Dunstan Curtis's gunboat—Ryder's headquarters—began their homeward journeys, setting course at full speed for the open sea. They were to make rendezvous at Point Y, twenty-five miles from St. Nazaire, with their escorting destroyers Tynedale and Atherstone.

The ten remaining motor craft, which passed beyond range of the small, rapid-firing flak guns in the harbour, came under fire from the heavier and more dangerous guns of the coastwise batteries. All but two successfully ran the gauntlet.

The first of the unfortunate two was Lieutenant Mark Rodier's. Having landed the assault party of Troop Sergeant-Major Haines in the Old Entrance and having taken on board Lieutenant-Commander Sam Beattie, commander of Campbeltown, and some thirty or more of her crew, Rodier set off down the river. After some three miles, however, an enemy shell hit the engine-room, lifting one engine bodily on top of the other and stopping both. Another shell hit the bridge, wounding Rodier, who died a few minutes later.

The engine-room was now on fire and burning fiercely.

At length, when all means had failed and the fire had spread throughout the boat, the order to abandon ship was given at about 5 a.m.

All Campeltown's officers were lost except Beattie and Warrant Engineer W. H. Locke. At 9.30 a.m. the survivors were picked up by a German trawler.

After having fired his delayed-action torpedoes into the outer lock gates Sub-lieutenant Micky Wynn had stood by in his m.t.b. for further orders from Ryder. She had now no weapons but her speed and a few light machine-guns.

After going only a few hundred yards she was hit in the stern and a small fire resulted, but, under the impetus of her five engines, she was soon racing over the River Loire at about forty knots.

Two men on raft

But the course was not clear. Directly ahead of her in the grey pallor of the night, there appeared the forms of two men on a Carley raft. It seemed impossible to avoid cutting right through them or capsizing them by the boat's violent wash. It was typical of Micky Wynn and all those who served under him that he did not hesitate a moment. Operating the engine-room telegraph himself, he pulled the lever immediately to "Stop" and then to "Slow astern."

With her extraordinary knack of pulling up within a few yards, the m.t.b. stopped right alongside the raft. Within a matter of seconds, before the shipwrecked men could be hauled on board, she was brilliantly illuminated by a searchlight. In another few seconds she was struck amidships by a heavy shell and Wynn was blown unconscious from the bridge into the charthouse. For some minutes he lay there and when he began to recover consciousness, his senses were dimly aware that all the world was red.

The boat was on fire from stem to stern, the petrol-fed flames roaring fiercely and the boat's timbers crackling like the fire of innumerable rifles. All hands had abandoned ship. Chief Motor Mechanic Bill Lovegrove, in pain from his own wounds and tired from lack of sleep, went back to look for his young captain without a moment's hesitation.

Fighting his way through the flames, he saw the recumbent figure in the charthouse. He ran in, lifted Wynn to his feet, half-carried him up on deck and then, putting his arms round him, pulled him into the water and swam with him to a Carley float. There he supported him for nearly twelve hours, lashing him to the float or holding on to him himself in one of the bravest individual acts of the whole raid.

Through his blurred vision Wynn could see that some thirty men were crowding round the raft as it was carried downstream, either on it or clinging on to its life-lines or to each other. The water was bitterly cold, and one by one, as their strength failed, men let go their grasp and slipped from life into death, drifting off with the swift current of the Loire.

The night wore on, and as the first pallid hues of the day then began to suffuse the water's face the survivors on the raft realized that they had been carried out to sea. They observed also that only four of them were left—Wynn, Lovegrove, Petty Officer Robert Ward, and Stoker William Savage.

The long morning of Saturday the

The greatest raid of all

continued from previous page

twenty-eighth dragged on as the raft drifted in the currents, but the indomitable Lovegrove remained full of spirit to the end, and when at long last a German gunboat appeared at two o'clock in the afternoon and approached them he actually drew his revolver and was restrained by Wynn from using it against the Germans only with the greatest difficulty. No doubt they were all three by now somewhat delirious. Taken on board by the Germans, they were kindly and generously treated by a chivalrous captain. . . .

His Majesty's ML306 was commanded by Lieutenant Ian B. Henderson, R.N.V.R., who in peace was an underwriting member of Lloyd's. He had a young wife and small family to whom he was devoted.

The commandos whom Ian Henderson was carrying were a demolition party under Lieutenant R. O. C. Swayne, of the Herefordshire Regiment and No. 1 Commando, and their protection squad under Lieutenant J. Vanderwerve of No. 2 Commando. Ronnie, or "Roc," Swayne was an officer of tall and athletic physique, black-haired and black-browed, with strong features.

Sergeant won V.C.

Johnny Vanderwerve was another dark-haired young officer, with a healthy, sallow complexion, and a quiet charm of demeanour. Although otherwise a good athlete, he could not swim—probably the only officer in the commando brigade with this shortcoming, and one which was to prove fatal to him.

Of the non-commissioned ranks, the most outstanding—and, indeed, one of the most remarkable characters in the whole story—was Sergeant Tom Durrant, a swarthy, intense Royal Engineer. He was to win the first Victoria Cross in history awarded to a soldier in a naval engagement.

The ship's company numbered twenty-eight—fourteen naval and fourteen commandos. Henderson took his launch up in the port column in an attempt to land at the Old Mole, but so heavy and continuous was the flow of tracer that it seemed to Swayne as though "the way was being barred by lighted chains."

The boat was hit several times by gunfire and her decks were splashed with spray from larger shell bursts that narrowly missed her. Sub-Lieutenant Philip Dark was slightly wounded in the leg and Durrant was slightly wounded also. Regretfully, Henderson set course for Point Y at eighteen knots under cover of white smoke.

Swayne, standing on the bridge beside him, felt bound to accept his decision absolutely. But he had to face a very obvious feeling of resentment among his troops. Durrant was cold and sullen and all the team very grumbly, saying to each other: "What have we come here for?"

As they entered the arcs of fire of coast defence batteries lower down the estuary, they were engaged continuously by heavy pieces and drenched with spray from waterbursts of "near misses." But they successfully evaded it all by frequent changes of course and speed, and made their way safely out to sea. They were ahead of time for the rendezvous at Point Y with Tynedale and Atherstone and reduced speed first to "three-quarters" and then to "slow." Stoker Butcher said afterwards: "We were a bit early, worse luck."

Henderson said to Philip Dark, who had been clearing up the ship and whose injured leg was now stiffening up: "There's no point in hanging about here; we might get caught by a Boche patrol any minute. I shall go on to the next rendezvous. You'd better go below and rest your leg."

Dark accordingly went down into the little wardroom, lay down on a couch and took his boots off. He was never to put them on again.

A little before five-thirty in the morning, forty-five miles out to sea, while it was still dark and with a light sea mist resting on the water, Dark was summoned urgently to the bridge. He went instantly, in his sea stockings. He was followed closely by Swayne, who was merely taking up some bully beef sandwiches to the naval officers on the bridge.

Swayne found Henderson and Dark puzzled by white streaks on the water that could be faintly seen some little distance off to port. His flippant suggestion that they might be caused by a large fish was not well received and he went below.

A minute later Dark came down and asked Swayne to return to the bridge at once, very quietly. Swayne was still eating a sandwich. When he arrived on the bridge Henderson said nothing but handed him his night glasses and pointed ahead. Swayne put up the glasses and there, fine on the port bow, he saw the outlines, faint but distinct, of three German destroyers coming towards them on a nearly parallel course.

"Those," said Henderson, indicating the ships, "are some of your fish."

To action stations

Henderson immediately stopped ship and asked Swayne to bring his men and Vanderwerve's to action stations as quietly as possible. No talking. Swayne went below and passed the order to Vanderwerve and Durrant. The sergeant merely nodded and had the men moving swiftly and silently at once, collecting their arms. Swayne went back to the bridge and watched the German ships looming larger and larger.

"What will you do?" he asked Henderson in a whisper.

"Keep as quiet as possible and hope they won't see us," Henderson answered.

"And if they do see us?"

"We shall have to fight, of course."

Fight! A featherweight launch against a steel ship of eight hundred tons. A handful of machine-guns against high explosive of 4.1-inch calibre. A speed twice their own. Yet they would fight. "Of course." No other choice was thought of. Quietly the word was passed along the little deck.

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NEXT WEEK: Henderson's launch fights to the death—and old H.M.S. Campbeltown deals the raiders' last shattering blow

A cry from the wilderness

continued from page 10

expedition they would have seen how sane he was about it all.

It was after six when I reached the airport. Instead of going to my digs I turned in at the airport bar. The sight of Farrow drinking with a bunch of charter pilots made me think that perhaps there was still something I could do that would convince the authorities. Farrow was the Canadian pilot who had told me about the search for the mining geologists and, flying transatlantic charters, I knew he must land sometimes at Goose Bay.

I asked him if I could have a word with him. "It's about that survey party that was lost," I said as he moved down the bar with me.

"The search was called off over a week ago. Briffe was dead. Baird, too. Only the pilot got out."

"Yes, I know." I asked him what he'd have to drink.

"Fruit juice. I'm flying tomorrow." He was watching me shrewdly. "What's biting you?"

"Do you know a radio operator called Simon Ledder at Goose Bay?"

"Ledder?" He shook his head.

"His address is care of D.O.T. Communications."

"That's the civilian radio station. D.O.T. stands for Department of Transport."

"You're flying over tomorrow, you say. Will you be landing at Goose?"

"Yes. Around twenty-one hundred hours our time."

"Will you have a word with Ledder for me—telephone him perhaps?"

"What about?"

"Well. . . ." It was so damned difficult. "He's a ham operator," I explained, "and he was in touch with a British ham on three occasions—Station G2STO. There's a report, too. Could you ask him for a copy?"

"What's the report about?"

I HESITATED. But he had to know, of course. "It's about Briffe and his party. Ledder was the radio link between the survey party and the mining company they were working for. The authorities have asked him for a report of all his radio contacts with Briffe and G2STO."

"How do you know they've asked him for a report?" His voice was suddenly hard. "And why are you so interested in it?"

I told him the whole story then. My discovery of the message from Briffe was what startled him most.

"From Briffe?" he said. "But Briffe was dead days before."

"I know." My voice sounded suddenly weary. "That's what the police told me." And then I got out the notes I'd made in the train and handed them to him. "But if Briffe was dead, how do you explain that?"

He read them through carefully.

"They're all references from my father's radio log," I said. "Does it sound as though he was mad? That's what the authorities think."

"And you think the search should be resumed—is that it?" He paused. "The thing that gets me is how your father could possibly have picked up this transmission. All Briffe had was an old wartime set. Still, it's just possible, I suppose. You'd have to check with somebody like this guy Ledder to make certain."

He picked up the sheet of paper again, and he stared at it for so long that I felt sure he wasn't going to help me and was only trying to think out how to tell me so. Then he said: "You know, I think you ought to fly to Goose and see Ledder yourself."

It was such an incredible suggestion that for a moment I couldn't think of anything to say. "All I wanted," I murmured, "was for you to have a word with him . . . find out what he thought of my father, whether he considered him sane——"

"Look," he said. "If I go to this guy Ledder, he'll just answer my questions, and that will be that. You might just as well write him a letter, for all the good it'll do."

I was appalled at the way he was putting the responsibility back on me. "But I just haven't the money," I said.

"I could help you there. I'm checking out on a west-bound flight at 07.00 tomorrow morning. We'll be into Goose around four-thirty in the afternoon—their time. I might be able to fix it. You'd have about two hours there and I could radio ahead to control for them to have Ledder meet the plane. Well?"

"But what about my job?" I was feeling suddenly scared. "I can't just walk out——"

"You'd be back on Friday."

"But what about the regulations and—and wouldn't the extra weight. . . ?"

He asked me whether I had a British passport. I had. Then he told me that my weight wouldn't make any difference to the safety margin and that he was good friends with the Customs and Immigration people both here and at Goose. All I could think to say was: "I'll have to think it over."

He gripped my arm. "It's time you faced up to the implications of that message. If Briffe really did transmit on September twenty-ninth, then Laroche was wrong when he said Briffe and the other guy were dead. It's going to take a lot to persuade the authorities of that. But if you've really got the courage of your convictions. . . ."

NOW that he'd put it to me so bluntly, I was suddenly sure of myself and what I should do. I heard myself say: "If you can fix it, I'd like to come with you tomorrow."

He nodded slowly. "Meet me down at our freight office—that's next to Number One hangar—say, about a

quarter before six tomorrow morning. Pack your passport and some warm clothes. Okay?"

I didn't sleep much that night and I was down at the Charter Company's freight office by five-thirty. It was almost six when Farrow drove up in a sports car. "Jump in," he shouted. "Got to get you vaccinated."

Shortly before seven the crew assembled and I walked with them across the tarmac to a big four-engined plane. Inside, it was a dim-lit steel shell with the freight piled down the centre. "Not very comfortable, I'm afraid," Farrow said, "but we don't cater for passengers." He gave my shoulder a friendly squeeze and followed his crew for'ard to the flight deck. I was alone then.

We took off just after seven. Shortly after ten the navigator brought me sandwiches and hot coffee. An hour and a half later we landed at Keflavik in Iceland. We had over an hour there in the warm cafeteria whilst the plane was refuelled and a quick check made on one of the engines which was running rough. They found nothing wrong and at twelve-thirty we took off again.

I dozed fitfully. It was nine-twenty by my watch when the flight engineer finally roused me. "If you want a look at Labrador from the air you'd better come up for'ard right away. We'll be landing in fifteen minutes."

I followed him through the door to the flight deck. To my surprise it was daylight.

The wireless operator gripped my arm as I passed, pulling me down towards him. "I've radioed the Tower to have Ledder meet you," he shouted.

Farrow half turned his head and indicated the flight engineer's seat beside him. "Going down now. You'll have plenty of time to talk to Ledder. Another engine check. Port outer packed up a while back. We'll be there the night. Get away tomorrow—I hope."

I sat down, staring ahead. We were still in cloud. Then abruptly the veil was swept away from in front of my eyes and there was Labrador.

The grimness of it was the thing that struck me—and the emptiness. Below us was a great sheet of water running in through a desolate, flat waste. The land ahead was a black featureless plateau.

"Sure is pretty country," Farrow shouted to me. "You can get lost in there just like that." He snapped his fingers. "Nothing but lakes, and every one the same as the next." He was suddenly grinning. "The land God gave to Cain—that's what Jacques Cartier called it when he discovered it. There's Goose now."

After we had landed, the navigator came aft and opened the freight door. A man stood waiting on the apron, alone; a tall, dark-featured man.

I gathered my things together, and then Farrow came down through the fuselage. "I'll fix you up with a room at the T.C.A. hotel," he said. "You can get a meal there. The time is five twenty-two. We're four and a half hours behind England."

He moved on to the door and I heard a voice say: "Captain Farrow? My name's Simon Ledder. I was told to meet your flight." Then I was at the door and Farrow said: "Well, here you are. Here's the guy you wanted to talk to." And as I jumped out on to the tarmac he was already walking away to the hangar with his crew.

"What did you want to see me about?" Ledder asked.

I'd thought about this meeting all through the monotonous hours of the flight, but now that I was alone with him, I found myself at a loss for words. "Do you recall the name Ferguson?" I asked. "James Finlay Ferguson. He's dead now, but——"

"The expedition of nineteen hundred. Is that what you mean?" There was a sudden flicker of interest in the eyes behind the thick horn-rimmed lenses.

"No, Station G2STO," I said. "It's about those radio contacts you had with him. G2STO contacted you three times recently didn't he?"

"It was six times to be exact." His voice sounded weary. "What are you, Police or Air Force?"

I didn't answer that. I thought maybe he'd talk more readily if he believed I had authority to question him.

"Can we go somewhere where we can talk?" I said. "There are one or two questions——"

"Questions?" That seemed to touch him off. "I've had nothing but questions about this darned ham for the past few days. G2STO! I'm sick of him. The crazy bastard claims he picked up a transmission from Paul Briffe. That's what you've come about, isn't it?" His manner was openly hostile. "Well, I spent a whole day making out a report on him. The station commander has a copy if you want to see it. I've nothing to add."

For a moment, I was too angry to say anything. To come all this way and find Ledder unco-operative. . . .

"Well," he said, "do you want to see the report?"

I nodded, and we began to walk across the tarmac.

"You know about Briffe?" He was looking at me, puzzled by my silence. "He couldn't have made that transmission. He was dead."

"You don't *know* he's dead," I said. "You've only the pilot's word."

"Are you suggesting. . . . Look, Laroche is all right." He stared with sudden suspicion. "Who are you?"

"My name's Ian Ferguson," I said. "The crazy bastard you spoke of was my father, and I happen to believe that he did pick up some sort of a transmission." My words had shocked him and I didn't give him time to recover. "My father made several contacts with you. Did he seem crazy to you then?"

"No, but that was before——"

"Look," I said, trying to get my own urgency across to him. "I know my father was contacting you on W/T and that all you got was a lot of dots and dashes, but something must have come through, some indication of the

continued on page 40

"The Land God Gave To Cain" is published as a novel by William Collins. Price 15s.

RESULT OF JOHN BULL'S FAMILY GET-TOGETHER COMPETITION

Forty-one readers have been judged by Robinson Cleaver, the famous theatre organist, Billy Ternent, the well-known band leader, and Jack Train, the radio and TV personality, to have submitted the most meritorious entry in this competition, the first of **John Bull's** *two great free autumn contests. They all selected the following as being the ten musical items which, together, would make up the best balanced and most entertaining programme of recorded music for an autumn evening family get-together:*

1. Always
3. Dam Busters' March
4. Destiny Waltz
7. Luxembourg Polka
8. Magic Moments
11. My Fair Lady (Selection)
13. The Runaway Train
16. Tales From The Vienna Woods
18. When You Wish Upon A Star
20. You Need Hands

In accordance with the rules of the competition the cash award of £750 will be shared equally among the forty-one competitors and a cheque for £18.6.0 is being sent to each.

The full list of prizewinners may be had on application, in writing, to: John Bull Family Get-together Competition, 96 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

MAKE YOUR MONEY WORK

You don't have to gamble

by GEORGE McCARTHY

Buying shares need not be a losing game. Unit trusts can spread the risk for you —and keep your money safe

The other day a City operator said to me: "If I won a lot of money in a football pool I'd hand the lot over to a unit trust I know and go off on holiday for ever."

I suspect that he would soon get bored with that, but at least he knew how to let someone else manage his money with complete confidence in the security offered.

A unit trust could be defined as a fund, operated by full-time managers, to which a number of people contribute. The money is then invested in a wide spread of securities and shares. Dividends are paid half-yearly after deduction of tax. All the money belongs to the unit holders—including, of course, the increased value through the years, if any, of the stocks and shares the trust holds.

How do you buy unit trusts? You can give an order to your stockbroker or bank manager. If you have neither, you can write direct to the managers of the trust.

Already the units of one trust are sold over the counter in Scottish banks. This move has not yet been followed south of the border, but now that even English bankers are beginning to throw off the chains of the years, I look forward to them soon adopting the practice.

Current prices are extensively quoted in the newspapers. These give a buying price and a selling price, and the comparatively wide gap between the two is explained by the fact that everything is included in the price—broker's commission (which is usually around two per cent) and, as a rule, stamp duty.

"I've handed the lot over to a unit trust I know . . ."

Anybody can invest

The unit trust idea is of course open to anybody with money to invest, rich or not-so-rich. It is ideal for the small investor who understands the small risks, wants to share in ordinary financial operations and seeks a chance of a steady rise in the capital value of his money.

Security in unit trusts is high. The law insists that a trust must operate according to the stringent rules laid down in a trust deed, and all investments are held by, and must be approved by, a custodian trustee, usually one of the big banks. So the chances of a trust manager flying out of the country with the trust's millions in a brief case under one arm are nil.

In the United States what are called mutual funds or open-end investment companies—working on the same principle as our unit trusts—are a major factor in financial affairs. The U.S. funds now control something like 11,000 million dollars.

There are a few—under a dozen—unit trust groups in Britain, though if large numbers of people are going to continue to earn reasonably good wages it's a fairly safe prophecy that the movement on this side of the Atlantic is still at its beginnings. The oldest trust is Municipal & General, which runs four or five separate trusts, each of them a well-conducted affair with a first-class investment record.

A newcomer, just over a year old, is Unicorn, a trust with a wide and attractive spread of investments in equity shares. The value of its units has steadily increased.

How does a unit trust invest the money its thousands of owners throw into the common pool? That depends on the trust. But all of them seek one thing—a spreading of the risk so that the fall of one basket breaks only a few eggs.

Trusts, with their widely spread funds, offer an excellent chance of a slow but steady capital appreciation. That is to say that £100 invested in a trust ten years ago will have paid a regular dividend of perhaps five per cent or just under, and the £100 could today be worth more than double.

A rapidly expanding and well-managed organization is the Bank and Insurance Group, which controls half a dozen first-class trusts. One—Investment Trust Units—shows that £100 invested in 1947 is worth around £350.

It does not necessarily follow, of course, that this will be the history of the next ten years. There is naturally more risk involved in a trust than in savings certificates or a sound building society, but trusts have so insulated themselves against heavy loss that nothing but a world-wide and continuing slump could badly affect them.

Increasing capital

One trust, called A.E.G., pays no dividend at all but adds every half-year the equivalent of the dividend to the unit holder's capital. He still has to pay income tax on the dividend. Since this trust has most of its capital in electrical or electronic enterprises, it looks an ideal investment for somebody who wants capital appreciation rather than income.

The wise man will ask to see the percentage of the trust's income that goes on expenses of management. These expenses are already restricted by law. Some trusts verge on the maximum permitted percentage, but others are well below it. THE END

NEXT WEEK: Insurance—is it an investment or a racket?

A cry from the wilderness

continued from previous page

sort of man he was? At least you didn't think him irrational or irresponsible—at that time?"

"I tell you, I didn't think anything about him. I was puzzled by his questions. That was all. Look, if you want to come back to the house I could show you the report there. I kept a copy."

He turned and led me back across the apron. As we passed the open door of the hangar, Farrow appeared and called to me. "If you come into the office now we can get the formalities completed."

We went into the office and, while my passport was being checked, Farrow inquired about Ledder. "Got what you wanted?" he asked in a whisper.

"No. Not yet."

"Oh well, you've plenty of time. Take-off won't be till seven in the morning, and that's presuming they work on that engine all night."

"You're here the night, are you?" Ledder said. "Then you'd better get some food and come over to my place afterwards. . . ."

It was almost seven-thirty before I'd finished eating and I came out of the hotel into a biting wind. Through the trees the lights of Ledder's house had a warm glow of orange curtains.

SELF-CONTROL—4

Few are fit to be trusted with themselves.

Thomas Fuller

He came to the door himself, led me in and introduced me to his wife, then said: "We'll go down below, shall we?"

He pulled open a door under the stairs and switched on the light. I followed him down steps that led into a cellar filled with radio equipment.

"Here you are," he said and picked up a typed sheet of foolscap. I took it from him. It was headed: REPORT ON BRITISH AMATEUR RADIO STATION G2STO. "You must remember that when I wrote that I knew Briffe was dead," he said, his smile half-apologetic. "And I didn't know your father's name. If I'd known his name it might have made some sense. As far as I was concerned G2STO was nuts, and that's all there was to it."

I READ the report, wondering why the name would have made any difference. At last I said: "Down here at the bottom you give it as your opinion that G2STO couldn't possibly have picked up a transmission from Briffe. And you list your reasons—one of them, *that, granted freak reception and the transmission having actually been made, the odds against G2STO choosing that particular moment to listen in are too great.* What exactly did you mean by that?"

"Oh, for heaven's sake," he exclaimed irritably. "The plane crashed on the evening of the fourteenth. We were on constant watch until the twenty-sixth when the search was abandoned—not only us, but the air force, government stations, and a whole bunch of hams. We picked up nothing. And three days after we ceased watch G2STO reports contact. He'd have had to be listening for three days, twenty-four hours out of the twenty-four."

"My father was paralysed," I said. "He had nothing else to do."

He stared at me. "I'm sorry," he said tonelessly. "I guess they didn't tell us anything about him."

"They didn't tell you then that he died immediately after picking up the transmission—that that transmission killed him?"

His eyes widened. "How do you mean?"

I told him the whole story, and when I'd finished, he said, "I didn't know about all this." His soft, slow voice was shocked, his tone apologetic. "They didn't give any details, not even his name. So those questions he asked just seemed irrelevant." He nodded to the report in my hand. "Read 'em."

I could see his point, for on the second occasion my father had contacted him he'd asked him if Briffe had ever mentioned Lake of the Lion. That was on September 10, and when Ledder had said no, he had persisted with appeals to Ledder to question Laroche about the lake. On September 23 he had also asked Ledder whether Canadian geologists still remembered an expedition of 1900.

"What was his interest in the Attikonak River, do you know that?" Ledder asked. "And Lake of the Lion?"

"I don't know."

LEDDER had picked up the report and was staring at it. "I could kick myself," he said. "I'd only to look him up in the book. It never occurred to me that his name was important."

"Important? How do you mean?"

"Well, if I'd known it was James Finlay Ferguson. . . . He was related, wasn't he?"

"Related?" I didn't know what he was getting at. "Related to whom?"

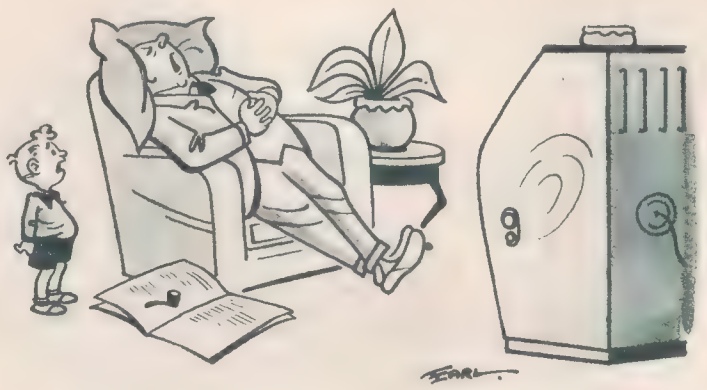
"Why, to the Ferguson that got killed up in the Attikonak area in 1900." He stared at me. "You mean you don't know about that?"

I shook my head, my mind busy searching back through my childhood to things I'd half forgotten—my mother's fears, my father's obsession with the country. This was the cause of it all, then.

Ledder was leaning forward. "Let's get this straight. Are they related or not—your father and this Ferguson who went into Labrador?"

"Yes, of course they are," I answered. "There can't be any other explanation. Your Attikonak Ferguson is my grandfather. He must be."

"But how do you know it's your grandfather?" Ledder asked. "How do you know when you didn't even know



"Do you want to watch children's television, Daddy?"

there was an expedition back at the beginning of the century?"

I told him about the sextant and the paddle and the other relics hanging on the wall, about my father's obsession, my mother's secrecy. Then I was asking him about the expedition. "What happened to Ferguson?"

"I only know what the company geologist told me," he answered. "There were two of them went in, from Davis Inlet. The trapper only just escaped with his life. The prospector—that was Ferguson—he died."

My mind switched back to the questions my father had asked, and I picked up the report again. "Did you ask Laroche about Lake of the Lion?"

"No. I never had the chance." Ledder looked at me. "Those books—are they your father's logs?"

"Yes." I gave him my sheet of notes and the books. He examined them in silence, then pointed to the entry for September 18, which read: *LAROCHE. No, it can't be. I must be mad.* "What's he mean—do you know?"

I shook my head. "What sort of person is Laroche?"

"Oh, I don't know. A French Canadian, but a decent guy. Tallish, very dark hair. I've only seen him once." He turned to the log book page on which the final message had been written, and he read it slowly, tapping his teeth with his pencil. *"Search for narrow lake with a rock shaped like. . . ."* He read it aloud slowly. "A rock shaped like what? You said something about a map of Labrador over his desk. Was Lake of the Lion marked on it?"

"He'd pencilled it in, yes," I said.

He nodded and suddenly slapped his hand on the desk. "Hell! No harm in telling them. Where's your plane going on to?"

"Montreal." I waited now, holding my breath.

"Okay. The company offices are there. It's crazy, but you never know."

He scribbled on a piece of paper and reached over to the transmitter. The pilot light glowed red and there was a faint hum as the set warmed up. Then he put the earphones on. A moment later I heard the buzz of his morse signal.

I lit a cigarette. I felt suddenly exhausted. I had achieved something. I had persuaded a man who had been hostile at first to take action. But it was all to be done over again at Montreal—the story of how my father had died, the explanations. I wondered whether it was worth it, conscious of the size of the country out there in the darkness beyond the airport—the wildness and the emptiness of it. They'd both be dead by now, surely. They couldn't possibly have survived a whole week.

But it was a chance. I had to go on.

"Well, that's that, I guess. It's up to the company now." Ledder switched off the transmitter and pulled his earphones off. "That's what I told them." He handed me the slip of paper on which he'd pencilled his message.

Possibility G2STO picked up transmission Briffe should not be ignored, I read. *Urgently advise you see Ferguson's son. . . .* I looked across at him. "I can't thank you enough," I said.

He seemed suddenly embarrassed. "I'm only doing what I think right," he murmured. "You'll see I've asked them to meet you at Dorval Airport. I don't expect we'll get a reply tonight, but it should come through fairly early in the morning."

I nodded. He couldn't have done more. Then his wife called to say she'd made some fresh coffee for us.

We went up, and after coffee in the bright warmth of their living-room I excused myself by saying I wanted to turn in early. Actually I didn't get to bed till almost midnight, for I sat up in the warmth of my hotel room, making notes and thinking about what I should say to the company officials.

The truck called for us at nine next morning, and I hung around on the airfield with Farrow and the rest of the crew whilst the maintenance men, who had been working most of the night, finished fixing the engine. I told Farrow how Ledder had reacted when I had shown him my father's log books, and he phoned communications for me. But Ledder wasn't there and there was no message for me.

We took off at ten-twenty and I had still heard nothing. An hour or so later the radio operator came aft to say that Farrow wanted a word with me.

Back in the flight deck alley, Farrow handed me a message slip. On it was written: *Presd. McGovern Mng & Ex now at Iron Ore Terminal. Wishes question Ferguson earliest. Can you land him Seven Islands?*

"Well, what do you want me to do?" Farrow shouted to me.

"Seven Islands? But that's just an Indian fishing village," I said.

"You thing so?" He laughed. "It's quite a town. The Iron Ore Company of Canada is building a railway north from there to get at the ore in the centre of Labrador."

So the line my father had pencilled on his map was a railway.

"But can you land there?" I asked.

"Sure. They got a good airstrip. But I won't be able to wait for you there. You'll be on your own."

I didn't know what to say. The plane was suddenly precious to me, an oasis in the immensity of Canada.

"Better make up your mind," Farrow shouted. "We got to alter course right now if we're to drop you off at Seven Islands. It's what you wanted, wasn't it? You can't go higher than the president of the company."

There was nothing for it. I'd known that as soon as I had read the message. "All right," I said. A mood of optimism swept over me.

The mood was still with me more than an hour later when we landed at Seven Islands. Farrow himself came back down the fuselage and opened the doors for me. "Good luck," he said. "We'll be in Montreal until noon tomorrow, if you want a ride back."

He clapped me on the shoulder and I jumped out.

The door slammed shut and I hurried clear, watching, with my suitcase gripped in my hand. Farrow was back at the controls. He waved to me through the windshield. The engines roared, and the machine lumbered off.

I was alone now, and there was nobody here I knew. I stood, waiting. Nobody came out to meet me.

NEXT WEEK: Why is Briffe's daughter afraid that he may still be alive?

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NEXT WEEK

How the Reds plan to take over the unions

Already powerful trade unions are in their grip—and they are stealing key positions in others. In an up-to-the-minute exposure Robert Holles reveals how the grim disciples of Moscow will use any trick to win the unions—and wreck Britain

The vicar makes a parable come true

continued from page 27

the parish church guide which had been left over unsold from a previous year. In the fly-leaf of each copy she carefully traced a picture of the church's ornate weathervane. She sent the books off to all the ex-Harrovians she knew.

In a week the first few replies filtered back. A few were non-committal; one or two downright surly. The majority expressed appreciation and enclosed a cheque: a guinea; five guineas; one of twenty-five guineas.

Another man bought a premium bond—in his own name. One parishioner told the vicar, "I'm going to bury it in the garden—just like it says in the parable. Then I'm going to charge all the neighbours a bob a time to guess where it is. The winner takes the pound."

Barbara Rudkin called on her friend, Elizabeth Venn. Both were schoolteachers. They decided to produce a play, acted by a cast of school children, with a potential audience of parents and relatives.

The play, *Fat King Melon*, by A. P. Herbert, went on at the local Y.W.C.A. hall, packed for the occasion. Production costs were only £2. It made a profit of £25.

A woman put her talent on the Grand National. She backed two horses for 5s. each way. The horses came in first and third. Her bookie welshed.

Many of the parishioners spent their talents on oranges and made marmalade, which they sold. Others made boiled sweets, sold their cast-off clothing, organized raffles. One looked for some time at the pound note, then wrote a cheque for £250.

Blackburne's family joined in the work. His stepson Anthony, who had just left Harrow School, cleaned cars and chopped down trees. His wife Freda organized a do-it-yourself group. By re-caning chairs at a fee of 15s. a chair she made £10 within a few weeks.

The vicar, coming and going now between the church and a parish which seemed to have quickened with a new interest, found also a new spirit spreading among his congregation. He observed that people smiled and talked more readily to each other. There were more than enough volunteers to carry out the small and sometimes menial tasks of the church. Hymn singing acquired a new fervour. Several church members who had allowed their membership to lapse now asked for it to be renewed.

Dorothy Pettit found that her appeal had resurrected several old friendships. The profit on her talent mounted through the fifties and passed £60.

She became a char

One woman, the wife of a well-off company director, maintained that the only work she knew how to do was housework. So she worked as a char in the houses of friends and neighbours. One of her friends recommended her services to an elderly woman of the district whom the talent scheme had passed by. "It's a funny thing," the elderly woman said, rather sadly, "but I always thought her husband had a good job. . . ."

Mrs. Smail, wife of a local shopkeeper, held a series of musical evenings. Two of her four sons, all members of the church choir, sang while the others played the piano and recorder. Mrs. Smail sang. Her guests brought their own musical instruments; they paid half a crown for the privilege of playing, or just listening. Mrs. Smail made £16.

Not all the people who received talents made a profit. A dozen sent the pound notes curtly back by return of post. About thirty returned them without profit. Twenty-five returned nothing at all.

In February, a month before the talents were due to be collected, Hollier presented his annual report to the finance committee in the vicarage. He reminded the members that £500 could not be accounted for. He read a passage from his report: "This sum has been given to members of the congregation in the confidence that it may produce a substantial amount in excess of the original outlay. . . ."

He stopped, put down the report and reached for a pencil. Calmly and confidently he crossed out the word "may," and substituted "will."

Blackburne, whose ancient Norman church is the oldest, and certainly one of the most elegant, of the nineteen churches of Harrow, has always been able to count on a good attendance at each of his Sunday services. The congregation for evensong on March 23, 1958, when the Bishop of Willesden took his place by the altar to receive and bless the fruit of the five hundred and twelve talents of Harrow, could hardly have been surpassed; there were between five and six hundred people in the church.

The talents, together with the profit which had accrued to them, were taken by members of the congregation to a pair of large bronze trays on the chancel steps. Towards the end of the service, Hollier and a fellow churchwarden carried the trays to the altar.

To them that have . . .

Hollier stepped forward to the lectern to read the lesson:

. . . And so he that had received the five talents came and brought other five talents, saying, Lord, thou deliveredst unto me five talents: behold, I have gained beside them five talents more. His lord said unto him, Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord. . . .

For unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance: but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath. . . .

The task of counting and classifying the great heap of assorted banknotes, coins, covenants, deeds and promissory notes was so formidable that it was not attempted until the following evening. Then four members of the finance committee tackled the job in the vestry. They began at eight o'clock in the evening and finished just after midnight.

After deducting the value of the original talents from the money before them, they were left with a profit of nearly six thousand pounds. THE END

Readers seeking advice from our team of experts are invited to send their problems to the "JOHN BULL and Illustrated" Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Letters will be answered by post, and problems of general interest will also be published on this page.

We advise...

BOTH my husband and I were involved in a car accident and claimed for personal injury and damage to our car. The other car was driven by the owner's brother who had taken it without permission. Now we are told that we cannot claim anything, although the owner of the other car has promised to pay half the cost of repairs. My husband lost nearly three months' salary through the accident. Can we get compensation?—F. R., Willesden, Middlesex.

● The owner of the car appears to be liable to prosecution for allowing a person to drive who was not covered by an insurance policy.

You may sue both the owner and his brother for damages. It is their personal liability and you are not concerned with their insurance company.

VIEW AND CRY

A NEIGHBOUR claims that apple trees on my property are making two of her rooms dark and are obstructing her view. The trees are fairly close to one side of her house, but do not overhang her boundary. Can she make me remove the trees?—D. P., Hereford.

● In law the growing of trees is regarded as being the rightful use of land and there is no legal right to a view, except by agreement. Your neighbour could not take any action to compel you to remove the trees.

THE FLAKES ABOVE US

THE ceiling of one of our rooms is flaking badly. What is the best method of cleaning it before re-decorating?—Mrs. M. H., Stratford-on-Avon.

● A wire brush would be best for removing the old surface of your ceiling, followed by a thorough washing down with sugar soap.

LAZY LIDS

MY cat appears to have skin half-way across its eyes. Is it going blind?—A. E., Battersea.

● Cats possess a third eyelid which normally is carried out of sight; it comes across the eye when the main eyelids are closed.

When the cat is off-colour for any reason this third eyelid is apt to become relaxed and appear between the outer lids. The condition should correct itself when the cat is really fit again.

LAUNDRY LUCRE

WHAT would be the capital required to start a self-service launderette? Do the manufacturers offer any assistance or advice?—J. P. B., Nuneaton, Warwicks.

● The Association of Launderette Owners, 118 Baker Street, London, W.1, and the manager of the Commercial Division, Bendix Home Appliances, Ltd., 46 Baker Street, London, W.1, will be able to give you information on the establishment of a self-service launderette.

THE LOLLIPOP SET

SOME time ago you printed an article on a children's hotel, and, since I am thinking along these lines for next year's holiday, I would appreciate details.—J. P. B., Elm Park, Essex.

● The article to which you refer, "Home from home for the lollipop set" (JOHN BULL, February 8) featured the Kinnersley Manor Hotel, near Reigate, Surrey.

You may also be interested in a hotel guide published by the British Travel and Holidays Association, 64 St. James's Street, London, S.W.1, which includes a list of hotels where children are specially catered for.

ISSUE IN QUESTION

MY father-in-law holds National Savings certificates ranging in date from October, 1941, to December, 1942. In view of his advancing age he is wondering whether to withdraw them soon. If he does before the completion of twenty years would he lose all the interest due to him for the second ten-year period? Could you also tell me whether these certificates cease to bear any interest after the twenty years has expired?—R. S., Evesham.

● Your father-in-law's certificates are continuing to yield interest at the rate of 3½d. every six months and if he were to cash them he would obtain all the interest up to date.

The certificates do not cease to yield interest after twenty years, but the latest issue gives a better return than those he holds at present. It would pay him to cash them and invest the proceeds in the tenth issue.

THE RIGHT HERBS

MY daughter is thinking of becoming a herbalist when she leaves school and has been told of correspondence courses for training. Can you tell me whether the courses are genuine and whether there is a worthwhile income for people in this field?—W. C. E., Harleston, Norfolk.

● No branch of herbalism as such is recognized by the medical profession.

Pharmacy is the profession which, among other things, handles refined and medicated herbs—the only form in which the medical profession recognizes their use.

If your daughter is interested, she should write for particulars about training to the secretary of the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain, 17 Bloomsbury Square, London, W.C.1.

PENSION PUZZLE

I AM sixty-eight and am still working. My wife is fifty-eight and does not work. If I retire within the next few months, will I draw a pension for myself and my wife, plus the extra allowed for each six months of work after the age of sixty-five, or do I have to wait until my wife reaches the age of sixty?—J. B., Cheam.

● If you retire from regular employment, you will receive a pension of £2 10s. a week plus 1/6d. for every twenty-five contributions paid after reaching the age of sixty-five.

As your wife will be under sixty years of age when you retire, she will not be entitled to a pension on your insurance, but you will be given an allowance of 30s. a week in respect of her.

This allowance cannot be increased on account of contributions you paid after attaining the age of sixty-five.

A bigger and brighter room

HOW can I re-decorate my bedroom, which is rather dark and narrow, so that it appears lighter and wider? —M. W., H.M.S. Osprey, Portland.

● The simplest way to make your room appear larger is to paint it white. To obviate its narrowness, use a striped wallpaper on the end walls.

Pale colours will make it lighter and you could use bright accents in cushion covers, lampshades or picture frames.

WHO SIGNS FOR MY SON?

NEXT year, when he will be sixteen years old, I want my son to be apprenticed. My husband has never taken a great deal of interest in him. Will he have to sign the apprenticeship agreement or will my signature be sufficient.—Mrs. R., Little Kineton.

● As the custody of your son is vested in both parents, there is no reason why you should not sign the agreement.

NO SMOKE WITHOUT IRE

HAS a neighbour cause for complaint if smoke from my back garden filters through a high fence, even when care is taken to avoid this by watching the direction of the wind?—J. F., Jesmond.

● If you make bonfires of unreasonable size or number, or at unreasonable times, this would constitute a nuisance in the legal sense.

In the circumstances you describe it appears unlikely that your neighbour would have any cause for action as the burning of garden refuse is in itself a usual proceeding.

LOAN GROAN

AGED twenty-seven, I am anxious to have a business of my own. Being disabled, I have been able to save very little money, in fact not even enough for a bank account. Would a bank advance money without some form of security?—J. T., Old Hill, Staffs.

● The only way in which you could finance the purchase of a business would be to come to some arrangement with the vendor to pay the purchase money over a period.

Financial assistance from an outside source could normally only be obtained if you had a deposit to cover part of the purchase price.

DANGER LIME

HOW long must I leave a new pond in my garden before the cement ceases to be harmful to goldfish? How many fish should I keep in it? It measures four by three feet and is twelve inches deep.—E. G. C., Stowmarket, Suffolk.

● Cement contains free lime which is dangerous to fish. Goldfish must, therefore, not be introduced into a new pond until the lime has been removed.

The best way to do this is to fill the pond with water, leave it for a week and then scour it with a stiff scrubbing brush. Afterwards empty and refill with water. This should be done at least six times at weekly intervals.

Your pond will take ten or twelve goldfish, but start with two or three.

PREFAB CONFAB

I HAVE been thinking of buying one of the prefabricated bungalows which I understand are now on the market. Can you tell me where these may be purchased?—P.E.F.B., Devizes, Wilts.

● Prefabricated bungalows are being auctioned by the Ministry of Works. Both individuals and firms may attend and bid at the public auctions which are advertised from time to time.

If you have difficulty in attending, write to the Assistant Secretary (A.S. 81), Ministry of Works, Lambeth Bridge House, Albert Embankment, London, S.E.1, for a list of contractors in your part of the country who have bought prefabs in bulk for resale.

CLEAN SWEEP

I HAVE a concrete floor in my larder, which seems to manufacture dust. However much I sweep, it only seems to be dustier than before. Can I treat it with anything to stop this dust?—Mrs. J. T., Halifax.

● Paint the floor with rubberized floor paint. This will seal off the dust-making surface and give you a finish rather like linoleum, which is easy to keep clean and long-lasting.

WIN £500 1st PRIZE CASH PLUS £50 in GIFTS FOR YOUR FAMILY

LOOKING for good fun? Here's just the job—Fun With *Words*! For words posted off on your Bullets coupon below you can score a *double* thrill—£500 cash arriving November 29, *plus* £50 Christmas-tree Presentation. Christmas cash galore for you—*valuable* gifts for *all* your family on December 25! Also due to arrive on November 29 are all these extra cheques: £25 . . . £10 . . . £9 . . . £8 . . . £7 . . . £6 . . . £5 . . . £5 . . . £5 . . . TEN of £2 10s. Each brings its winner a pick-of-the-market TURKEY for Christmas. For Runners-up there are 100 Yuletide Specials and 1,500 Awards, each with £1,000 Surprise!

RULES 1. First Prize for best Bullet received; others in order of merit. The test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. at the rate of 6d. per Bullet. Fee submitted will be taken to cover Bullets in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated December 13), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday November 29, for early news of Bullets No. 2,167 First Prize Award.)

HOW TO WIN THAT £500
ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any EXAMPLE

HERE'S how to shape a Bullet. First, grasp the broad idea by enjoying the latest winners. Then choose as your starting-point any Example from list on right. To it, add TWO, THREE or FOUR words to make the whole into a bright Bullet.

What We Want Today
Plan For Prosperity
The British Tommy
Hurry Up, Santa Claus
Opportunity's Bus
To Avert A Catastrophe
A Stormy Future
Speechless
Touch Of Winter
It's A Bad Job When
Basking In The Limelight
A Mockery
Beads, Bangles And
Glittering
As Sweet As Pie
Hotted Up
Trouble At The Cafe
Went Into A Huddle
Overdoing It
I Love Christmas, But

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as above.

Not Worth.....About
A Third-rate .....
Getting All The.....
At Grips With.....
In The Wrong.....
"I'll ..... It!"

POST THIS COUPON BY MONDAY, NOVEMBER 17

EXAMPLE — FEE, 6d.
BULLET
EX. — 6d.
B.
EX. — 6d.
B.
EX. — 6d.
B.
EX. — 6d.
B.

ICED CAKES A big iced Christmas Cake goes to each of the 20 chief winners whose successful Bullet was one of five or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

2,167 Post not later than last collection on **MONDAY, NOV. 17**

I agree to rules and enclose P.O. entry-fee at the rate of 6d. per Bullet.

Signed.....
Address .....
P.O. Value.....
No.....

PLAIN PAPER ENTRIES —6d. PER "BULLET"

POST ENTRY: Bullets No. 2,167, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.99

WINNERS TO HELP YOU TO THRILLING PRIZE

£1,000 cash, Bullets 2,162: N. McConnell, 128 Church Fields, Dobcross, Oldham:

In Little Rock—Hope—But At *Cape*—!

£100 D. W. Sulch, 20 Burghley Road, London, N.8: **That Furniture Of Theirs—Grandparents *Collected* "By Instalments"!**

£50 A. W. Whitford, 36 Penton Street, London, N.1: **All Around Us—Grab—And *Selfless* Service!**

£25 W. R. O. McDonald, 8 Donview Road, Woodside, Aberdeen: **All Around Us—"Pioneers"—Ideas "Firing" You?**

£20 K. Goodwin, Sawpit Lane, Dunham Massey, Altrincham: **Invading The Country—Liberating Towns—"Marching" Motorway!**

£19 Mrs. M. Wood, 18 Kellett Lane, Leeds: **That Home Of Theirs—Odds, Ends—Oddly, *Homely*!**

£18 J. J. Kirk, 31 Keswick Avenue, Fulwell, Sunderland: **All Around Us—*Space* Is Filling *News*!**

£17 E. Groom, 17 Station Road, Kettering: **In Little Rock—Called Missus, "Gold" Abundant.**

£16 M. Horspool, "Hill Crest," Dover Road, Bournemouth: **Just For The Fun Of It—"Reefer" Puffed—*Devil* Laughed!**

£15 Mrs. J. Steel, c/o 14 Derby Road, Douglas, Isle of Man: **Sure To Be Suspended—*British* Tests—*Tea* "Up"!**

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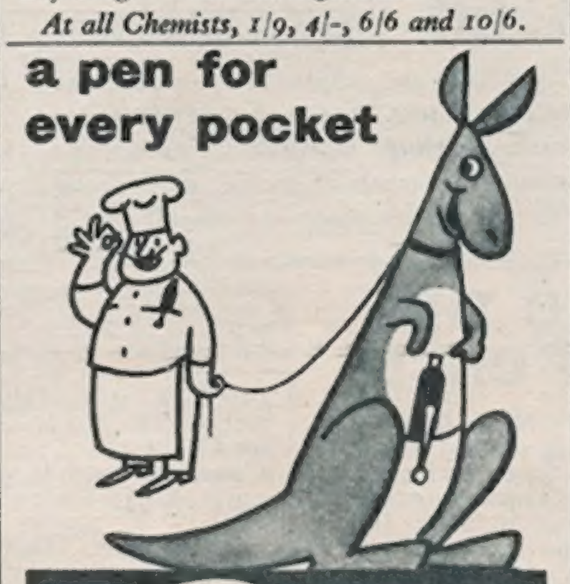

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